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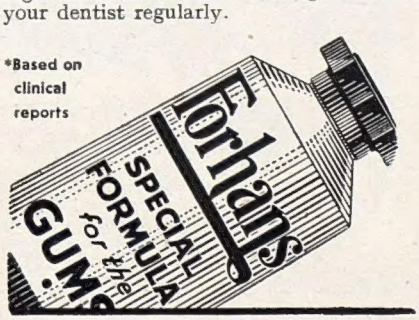

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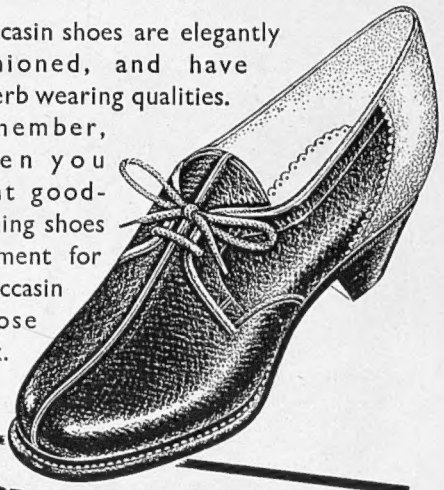

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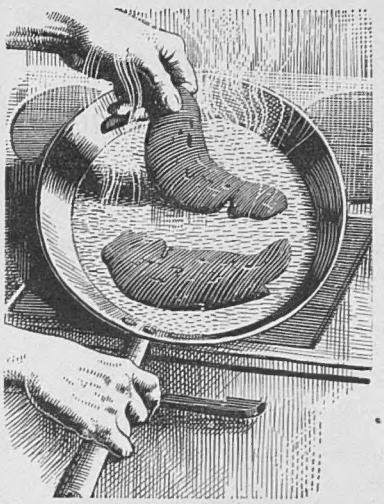

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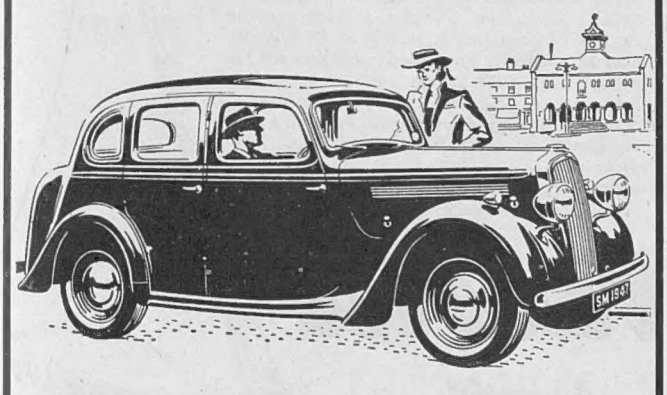

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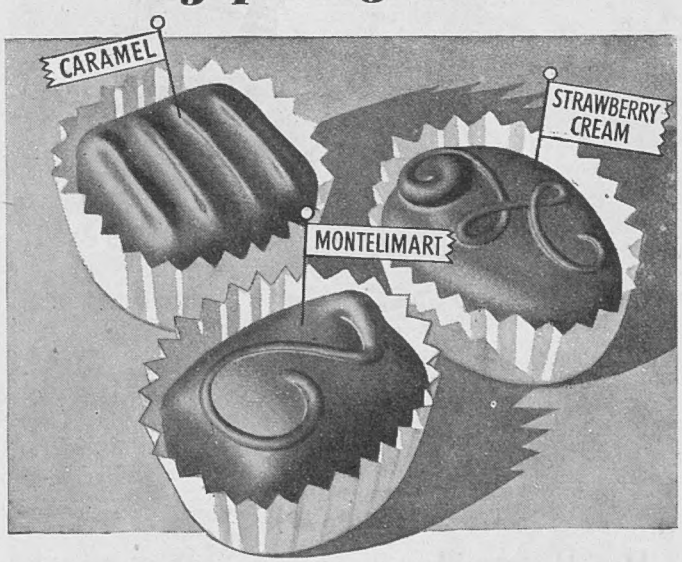

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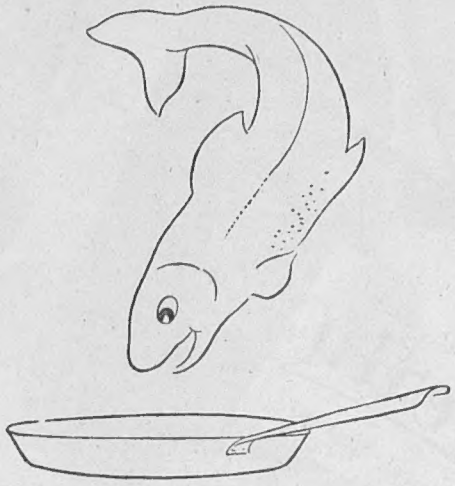

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On the slope below the arched gateway stood an artist's easel. The artist wasn't working at it; he was lying nearby, his shirt vivid blue against the parched grass

Sunset Target

A Short Story

by

Barry Perowne

Illustrations by Frank Lea

ON a hillside sere and brown, in the heat-shine of mid-morning, stood a ruined *hacienda*. Its breached walls and crumbling gateway appealed to Henry Bow's sense of the historic, and he slowed down his dusty jeep. His spare, tall figure curved over the wheel; his grey-flanneled knees stuck up bonily on each side of it. He wore a bleached khaki shirt with a black tie, and a disreputable felt hat shaded his thin, brown face and meditative grey eyes.

He was thirty-five, had been lecturing on European history at a university in Portugal, and now was on his way to take a ship home from Gibraltar. A friend of his Army days, when he had been a lieutenant of artillery, now was stationed there, and had undertaken to buy the jeep from him.

As he coasted along slowly in the sun dazzle, Henry saw that he wasn't alone in appreciation of the picturesque. On the slope below the arched gateway stood an artist's easel. The artist wasn't working at it; he was lying nearby, his shirt vivid blue against the parched grass.

Face-down, his arms outflung, the man might have been sleeping. Yet something in his attitude vaguely puzzled Henry for a moment. Then he realised what it was. The man was lying with his head *down* the steep slope.

It looked all wrong. Henry braked the jeep. He stood up in it to see the man better over the cactus clumps edging the roadside bank.

"*Oiga, hermano!*" he called.

The man didn't stir. Henry glanced each way along the Algeciras-Gibraltar road. Between silvery eucalyptus-trees, the melting macadam stretched empty and shimmering. He switched off the motor, swung his long legs over the side of the jeep. As he climbed the slope, crickets whirred before him over the brittle grass.

Henry reached the man, looked down at him. The back of his strong neck was inflamed an angry red by the sun. His hair was short, thick, sandy. Dropping on one knee, Henry shook the man's shoulder. The man groaned; his breathing became stertorous. But he didn't wake. Henry gripped him under the armpits, heaved him round so that his head was up the slope, then rolled him over on to his back. He was a big man, solidly muscled. He looked to be in the forties. His eyebrows and eyelashes were a light, sandy colour in a heavy face flushed brick-red, suffused. He looked like a plain case of heat-stroke; and with that complexion, he was no Spaniard.

Henry glanced about to see if the man had had a hat. There was no hat anywhere, but a light tweed jacket lay folded on the ground by the easel.

Henry picked up the jacket. Feeling in the inside pocket, he drew out a card in a mica-faced case. It was an Army officer's identity document, with photograph, personal number, and the name, Captain Miles Wade, 2nd Battalion, Abbeyshire Regiment.

Henry glanced across at Gibraltar. From the hillside here he could see the Rock looming massively across the corner of the shining bay. He remembered his friend, Kenneth Kendle, mentioning in one of his letters that garrison personnel were allowed across the frontier into Spain, to a limited radius, if not in uniform.

The obvious thing to do, Henry decided, was to get this fellow into Gibraltar to a doctor.

He was replacing the document in the jacket pocket when a sound from Wade checked him—a kind of throaty chuckle. He looked down at the man. Wade's eyes were closed. He was muttering, mucous clinging to his lips. Henry stooped over him.

"Alibi," Wade muttered. "In another country—when he died. Eh?" Again came that throaty chuckle. "He dies at sunset——" He rolled his head from side to side on the brown grass. "At the going down of the sun—eh? Who 'll remember him? You, Mimi? *You 'll* weep for him? You treacherous little fool! Weep, then—weep for your lover. He dies at sunset—sunset——"

His voiced tailed off. Henry's body was iron; he didn't breathe.

Wade muttered. "The sunset bugle—listen for the bugle—Last Post for your lover. A long wait—a long day in Spain—alibi. As the trembling of a veil—man's

life—eh ? The tremor is death, Mimi. You 'll never know who killed him. Nor all your tears—eh ? Not such a fool, your husband—you traitress—sell me out——"

His voice mumbled off into unintelligible abuse. Henry waited tensely, but Wade's breathing grew more and more stertorous as he sank into a deeper insensibility.

HENRY was wiry and hard, but it was with difficulty that he got Wade's lax, heavy figure slung over his shoulder. He carried Wade down to the jeep, turbaned his head in a towel, and drove on fast to the frontier town of La Linea.

It was exactly noon when he passed through the *Aduana*, the Spanish Customs house, showing his own documents and Wade's, and drove out on to the treeless, flat, sun-quelled road which stretched arrow-straight for 800 yards across the dune-like neutral territory to the Gibraltar gate.

There, under the soaring precipice of the Rock, the bayonets of the sentries caught the sun with a wicked glitter. As Henry pulled up, two men came forward—a police sergeant, sweating in exactly the same uniform as the London police, and a Customs officer, trim in khaki drill and pith-helmet.

Henry produced his passport. "Captain Kendle, Abbeyshires, is expecting me," he said. "This is Captain Miles Wade. I picked him up across the frontier, suffering from heat-stroke. I 'm taking him to Captain Kendle to arrange for his admission to hospital."

The police sergeant saluted. "I 'll 'phone through to Captain Kendle, sir—tell him you 're on the way. You know his office ? Armourer's Lane, sir—turn left at the top of Main Street."

"Thanks," Henry said, and drove on, grimly meditative.

It was an extraordinary situation. The man beside him, apparently as yet a murderer only in intent, whose alibi required that he be in Spain until well after sunset, was now, half an hour after noon, back again in Gibraltar—and didn't know it.

At the top of the sweltering, congested channel of Main Street, bright with khaki and white uniforms and the summer frocks of women, Armourer's Lane was a mere crack sloping up steeply to the left between tall, flat-roofed houses.

As Henry drove in low gear, bumping over the cobbles, he saw Kendle standing on the steps of a house, waving to him. A younger man than Henry, Kendle was about twenty-eight, lithe and eager, wearing khaki shirt and shorts. He was good-looking, with dark, crisp hair, the clear blue of his eyes intensified by his deep tan. He came quickly down the steps to wring Henry's hand.

"A long time since Nijmegen—the snow and the muck, Henry," he said. "I 'm damned glad to see you. What 's this about Wade ? They 'phoned me from the gate. Let 's dump him at the hospital, then we can settle down to a couple of long, cold ones and——"

"Just a minute, Ken," Henry said. "There 's more to this than just sunstroke. I think it might be better if we took him into your office first."

Ken looked at him quickly, then turned and shouted up the steps. A shirt-sleeved soldier came out, and Ken said, "Corporal, get the stretcher and bring Captain Wade up to my office. All right, Henry, come on in."

Kendle's office was a big, airy room on the second floor, with wide, curtainless windows looking out on a blaze of hanging gardens climbing to groins and buttresses of shrub-dotted rock patched with a low-growing yellow wild flower. It was a typical Army office, with coconut matting on the floor, a desk, a safe, a few chairs.

Ken dropped into the swivel desk-chair. "Now, Henry," he said, "what 's the mystery ?"

Henry told him, and the colour drained from Ken's face as he listened. "I said nothing to that civil police sergeant at the gate," Henry said. "I figured this was a garrison matter."

"You did absolutely right," Ken said. "What a break for us that it was you who picked him up !" He reached for the telephone. "Special Investigation Branch, C.M.P.—Lieutenant Cameron, please. That you, Hugh ? Ken Kendle. Could you come over to my office right away ? Yes, it 's serious all right !"

The door opened. The stretcher-bearers tramped in.

"Put him on the duty officer's cot," Kendle said.

The men opened a door in a weather-board partition behind the desk, carried Wade into the cubicle.

Ken was 'phoning again. "Captain Edgeworth, Medical Corps, please——"

Scarcely had he hung up, and the door closed behind the stretcher-bearers, than another man came in—a young man, big, powerful, in khaki shorts and shirt and peaked cap, with a blunt, Scots face and shrewd brown eyes.

"Hugh Cameron—Henry Bow," Kendle said. "Henry, give our tame sleuth the dope, will you ?"

While Henry was repeating his story the doctor arrived. Ken took him into the cubicle.

Henry finished his story, and Cameron said, "Thanks, Henry. Now let 's hear what the quack says——"

The doctor was brief. "Heat-stroke," he said. "Better to leave him where he is than to shift him." He scribbled directions on a prescription pad.

Cameron said, "We want to talk to him. What are the chances ?"

The doctor shook his head. "You can't fool with heat coma. He 'll come out of it of his own accord."

"When ?" Cameron demanded.

"Twenty-four hours, perhaps. I 'll look in again about six."

The door closed behind the doctor, and Kendle said, "Twenty-four hours ! What 's the drill, now ?"

Cameron rose. "I 've got to talk to Mimi Wade," he said. "Ken, you 'll be here ?"

"I 'm duty officer till ten."

"Keep a sharp eye on Wade. If he starts talking again, listen in—and 'phone me at the Wades' house." Cameron turned to Henry Bow. "I 'd be grateful if you 'd come along, Henry. I 'd like Mimi to hear your story at first-hand.

In a few minutes, the carriage returned. As it passed the gates again, Henry glimpsed Mimi Wade's lavender frock under the canopy

She 's got to realise this is too serious for—natural reticences. Och, it 's a hell of a thing having to ask a married woman to reveal the name of her lover. But she 's got to do it—if he 's not to be apt to die at sunset."

LEAVING Henry's jeep in Armourer's Lane, they drove off in Cameron's car. It was now getting on for two o'clock. Turning left, they passed under an ancient arch on to a road running between date-palms and vivid, massed blossom.

" This is the Alameda," Cameron said. " The Wades live out at Europa Point."

" What sort of a person is this Mimi Wade ? " Henry asked.

" A beauty," said Cameron. " She 's about twenty-four—half Wade's age. She 's a blonde, with marvellous violet eyes. She always struck me as sensitive, shy—almost virginal. She was brought up very strictly, I believe. It astounds me that Mimi, of all people, should have a lover on the side. It 's a very difficult thing for a garrison wife to get away with, yet I 've never heard a word of gossip breathed against her."

" Wade can have been mistaken," Henry pointed out. " Is he a jealous type ? "

" Jealous and brutal," Cameron said. " A nasty bit of work. They 've been married about three years, and he 's not fit to buckle her shoe." Frowning into the dazzle over the road, he went on, " He 's an expert in all infantry weapons. If what you heard means anything, it means he 's set a trap that 's due to spring itself at the time of the sunset bugle. That presupposes that he knows just where his victim 'll be at that time. It also suggests a delayed-action device—something with a timing apparatus. Maybe a grenade ? "

" Can't be," Henry said. " There 'd be no alibi against a thing like that, and he went into Spain to give himself an alibi. This must be something subtler."

" Well, it 's a case of *cherchez l'homme*," Cameron said. " Identify Mimi's lover, find out exactly where he planned to be at sunset, search that place, and we 'll find Wade's bright idea."

" We hope," Henry said drily.

Ahead, the sea flashed. Cameron turned left into a narrow street flanked on the right by a slope of rock, on the left by small, white bungalows with roofs of blue and green tiles, deep balconies and palm-shaded gardens.

Cameron pulled up. He opened a gate and led the way along a path of crazy paving. From an awninged swing-seat, a clear, cool voice called " Hal*lo*, Hugh ! How nice of you to come and see me ! "

The girl who rose from the seat wore a frock the colour of lavender, with a white belt about her slender waist. Her eyes were deeply violet, her complexion was of a magnolia purity. Far back on the shining gold cloud of her hair, shoulder-length, she wore a cartwheel hat. Her hand was light for a moment in Henry's, as Cameron introduced him.

" Have you had lunch ? " she asked, then. " I was late for mine—I 've been shopping—so I was just having a sandwich and a glass of sherry." She motioned to a tray, twinkling silver in the sun. " Won't you join me ? "

Henry was hungry, but Cameron said, " Thanks, Mimi, we haven't time. We 've come on—a serious matter."

" S e r i o u s ? " Her eyes searched their faces. " Is Miles all right ? " she asked. " He went into Spain this morning."

" He 's got a touch of sunstroke," Cameron said. " He 's with Ken Kendle, at Ken's office. He 'll be all right. Only——" He glanced at Henry. " Will you tell her your story, Henry ? "

" This is all very mysterious," Mimi said. " Anyway, do sit down." She waved them to deck-chairs.

To repeat his story to this girl, to see the change in her expression, the colour which crept deeply into her cheeks, was one of the most uncomfortable experiences of Henry Bow's life. And as his quiet voice ceased, Mimi sat very still, very white. Butterflies danced in the heat-shimmer over the flowers.

Her voice came as little more than a breath, a sigh. " How could he ? " she whispered. " How could he think such a thing ? "

" Then there isn't anyone, Mimi ? " Cameron said.

Her breathing quickened as she looked at him. " Do *you* think so, Hugh ? " she said.

" Mimi," Cameron said gently, " what I think doesn't matter. The point is, a man's life is liable to be forfeit at sunset. I have to ask you, point-blank—*is* there anyone of whom Miles Wade may have, or conceive himself as having, reason to be jealous ? Can you think of anyone ? Anyone at all ? "

She looked down at her slim hands, tightly clasped in her lap. " No one," she said.

" You understand exactly what 's involved ? " Cameron said. " And you can't help us ? "

" I can't help you." Suddenly, sharply, she drew in her breath. She pressed her hands to her face.

Cameron glanced at Henry, and rose. " I 'm so sorry, Mimi," he said.

Leaving her there in her pretty garden, they returned to the car. And as he backed and turned it, Cameron said explosively, " What a foul-minded swine that man Wade must be ! "

Henry looked thoughtfully at the young Scotsman's blunt, angry face. " You know, Hugh," Henry said, " in my lecture-rooms I 've had to do with a good many women students. One of the oddest things I 've discovered is that it 's often the most sheltered girl, the girl brought up in the strictest home, who 's the most accomplished liar. It 's her form of self-protection."

Cameron stopped the car with a jerk. " You think she was lying ? " he said. " But Henry, if there *is* a man, and she loves him, surely she must realise that, by not telling us, she may be putting him in danger of his life ? "

" Not necessarily," Henry said. " She can warn him herself. I think that 's what she 'll do, Hugh. She 'll 'phone him. But she 's evidently circumspect. I don't see her pouring a thing like this over the 'phone. More likely, she 'll make a rendezvous. In which case, if we pull in somewhere out of sight, we shall see her appear presently."

Cameron said grimly, " There 's a perfect place, right ahead."

It was a pair of tall, wrought-iron gates set in the rock wall on the left. The gates enclosed a driveway of crushed seashell, lined with palms. Henry opened the gates, *(Continued on page 48)*

Henry hit Ken. He hit him with a sidewise, long-armed swing to the head that knocked the younger man staggering

BETTER HALF?

Seemingly Erratic Differences Swing In The Balance Between The Two Sexes, To Perplex, Distort And Disturb The Neat Conclusions Of Investigators

By C. Patrick Thompson

"BETTER HALF" is an outmoded term. It looks as though it should be discarded for "better two-thirds."

That is not a feminist's assertion: it's a statement of approximate measurement backed by an ever-increasing weight of scientific observation and conclusion. The researchers who are swinging the balance with their data—masses of it—are variously motivated. They're engaged in commercial research, or medical, sociological, or some other line in the realm of the 'ologies. But all travel the same road, and the signposts they're setting up point the same way.

Alexis Carrel, the great Rockefeller biologist, knocked sex equality with a compact sentence: "Woman differs profoundly from man—every one of the cells of her body bears the mark of her sex." His successors are asking why exactly, how, and how much; and what does it mean anyway in business, politics, finance, entertainment, and a few hundred other human activities. They've already exploded a lot of sex legends and myths.

Ask a cartoonist to draw a property-holder, and he'll unhesitatingly sketch a stout gentleman wearing a top-hat and a grasping expression. He's got the wrong sex. Two out of three property-owners are women.

We talk of "the child mind," but the film industry stopped guessing last year and made a survey split the two sex ways (a government departmental committee is now following up). They found that love-interest films are favourites with 66 per cent of girls, but only 19 per cent of boys. They found that both sexes like to laugh, and dream; but they laugh at different things, and dream under different stimuli. Overall, the conclusion seems to be that if you set out to please two girls to one boy, you're playing it pretty safe; but if you try to please two boys to a girl, you're heading for box-office trouble.

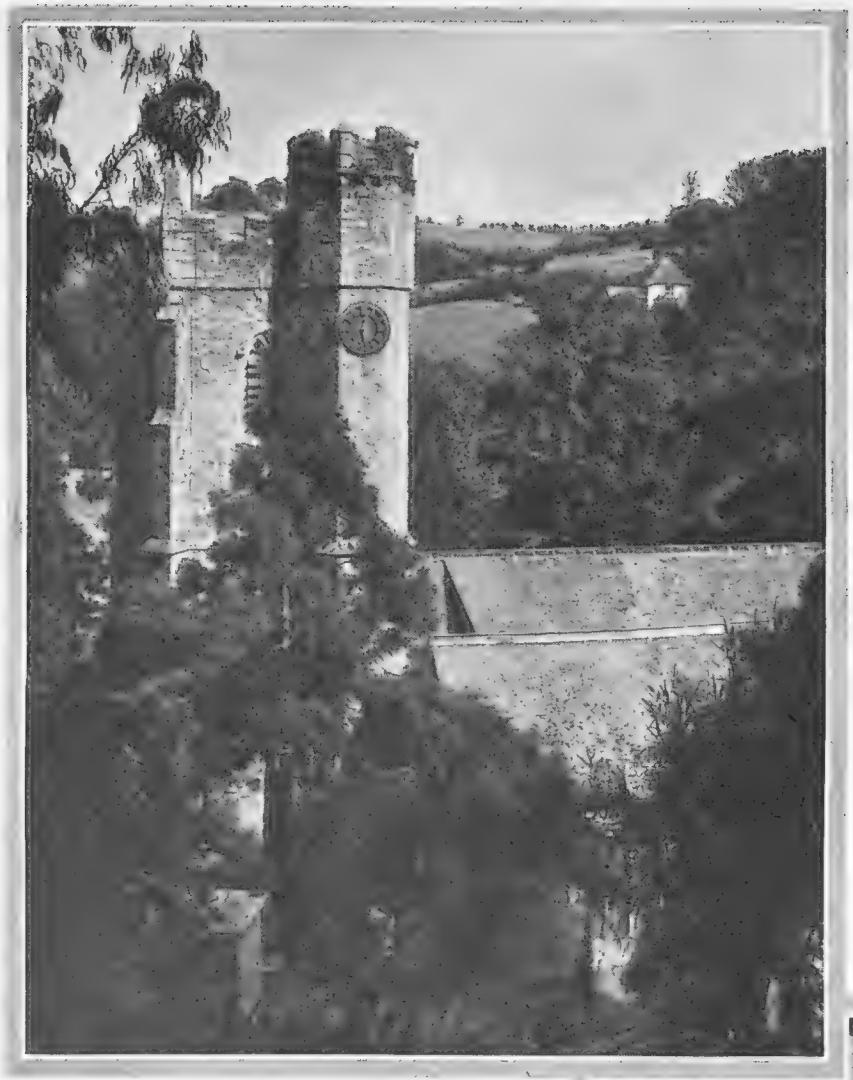
One of my friends is a psychologist hired by a great corporation to analyse the relative importance of male and female in the sales approaches which it makes to the public. He tells me that the old saw about men making up women's minds for them is outworn. He said: "When it comes to buying any one of thousands of things remote from nylons and nail polish, laces and lingerie—houses, for instance, and house equipment, radio sets, motor cars, gramophone records, tickets for a show—our surveys show that the woman's influence is decisive. But we need to know how, and why. Then we can apply our knowledge more effectively, and over an ever-widening range."

Drinks, he told me, are one of the rare mixed activities in which the male factor easily predominates. Bars and saloons cater for women in decor and fixings, but women mostly learn their drinking from men. They also tend to associate drinks. With a man to whom they're indifferent, they'll suit themselves, or accept his suggestion. But when a wife switches from her usual after-dinner *crème de menthe frappé* to benedictine laced with gin, for which your best friend has a weakness, it's time to have a serious talk with your best friend—or hire a private detective.

The psychologist further said that women falling in love with cigar smokers don't carry the association complex to the point of smoking cigars too; but it's proven that they can associate cigar smoke with the beloved, and like it. It thus seems that if you find a woman who used to loathe cigar smoke, now sniffs it with the delicate rapture she formerly reserved for Guerlain's *cuir de russie*, you can tell she's in love—and you may be able to guess with whom.

Next, a geneticist—possible over-influenced by Bataillon and Loeb, who, you remember, experimentally produced a normal frog from an unfertilized egg without the intervention of the male element—told me (*Continued on page* 54)

Did Jesus



St. Just-in-Roseland. The fifteenth-century tower rises from a tower of trees and shrubs representing many countries. The thatched cottage in the background is built on the site of St. Just's cell

On right: Restronguet Creek, Cornwall, where Joseph of Arimathea is said to have come for Cornish tin

WHAT is it that gives Roseland in Cornwall its unique charm? Surely the lovely name has something to do with it, you say. But this seems to be derived from *Rosinis*, a Celtic word meaning nothing more than "the moorland isle or promontory." Anne Boleyn is associated with the more popular theory. Henry VIII had brought her here for their honeymoon and, wondering what the name of the place could be, she looked again at the roses growing so profusely around her and declared, "'Tis Roseland, forsooth!"

Innumerable creeks with the blue waters of the River Fal lapping their wooded shores; exotic plants and flowers that give a tropical aspect to so many gardens and hedgerows; endearing and unspoilt villages; all these subscribe to the rich compound, but there is something more. As compelling as the beauty of Roseland is its sacred lore.

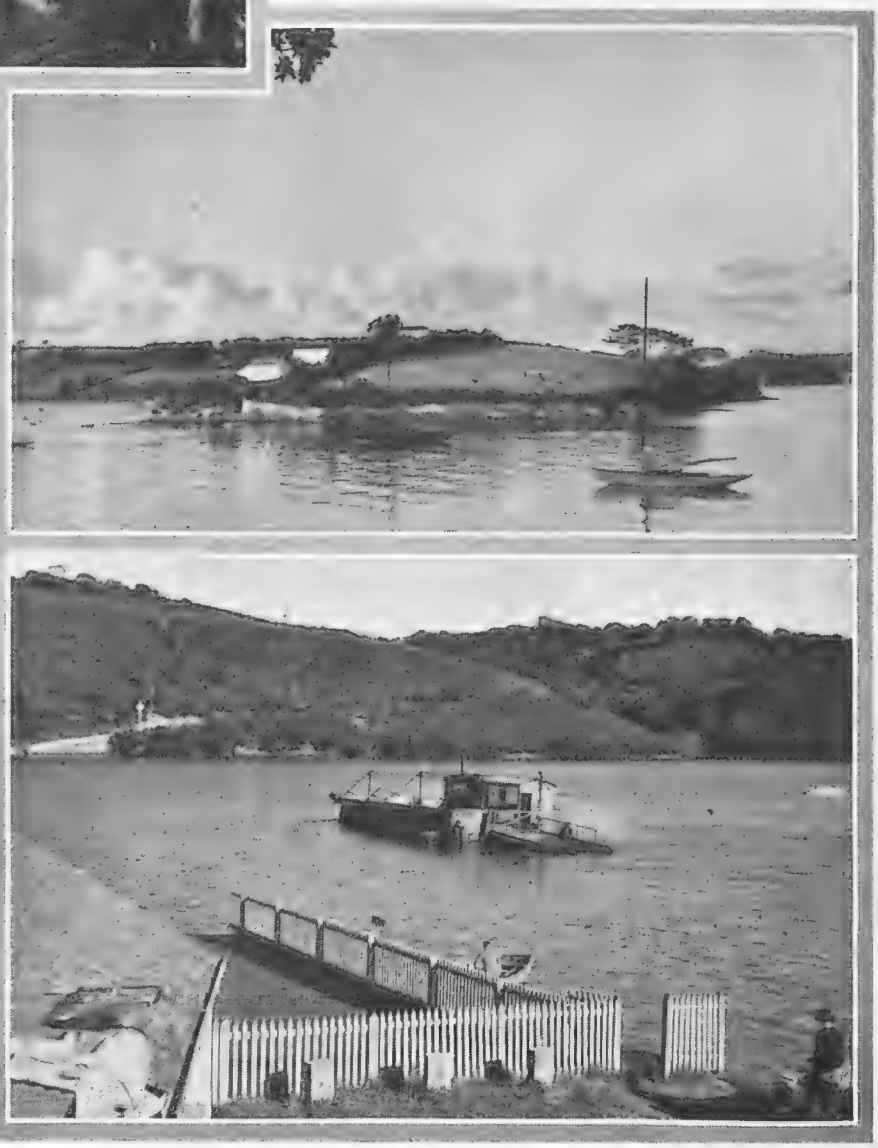
From north or west a fine approach to the peninsula is by means of King Harry's Ferry, which crosses the Fal just before the river broadens out into that great, final reach known as Carrick Roads, but it may prove more convenient to cross over from Falmouth to St. Mawes, the virtual capital of Roseland. Another ferry links St. Mawes with St. Anthony-in-Roseland, where there is an exquisite church with Norman and Early English features. Roughly half-way between the headland beyond, Zone Point, and Pendennis Point on the Falmouth shore of the estuary, Black Rock rears its head out of the water; on this rock, it is said, the Phœnicians first bartered for Cornish tin. And with the nebulous accounts of this early trade, Roseland's sacred lore begins to take shape, centring chiefly around St. Just-in-Roseland, that scattered village almost two miles north of St. Mawes.

When Blake wrote those now so-familiar lines:

"And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?"

he was echoing a tradition rooted deep in Cornish annals. The story goes that during the early, "hidden" years of his life, Jesus Christ came to England with his great-uncle, Joseph of Arimathea, who had already grown rich by trading in Cornish tin. According to Diodorus Siculus, a Greek chronicler of those times, the tin was collected at St. Michael's Mount and then despatched to Morlaix, whence it was taken overland by pack-horses to Marseilles and shipped from there to Phœnicia.

How did Our Lord spend his time during that supposed visit? Jane Oliver, in her recent book, *In No Strange Land*, makes Joseph, during a later visit to England, say of him: "He loved the country



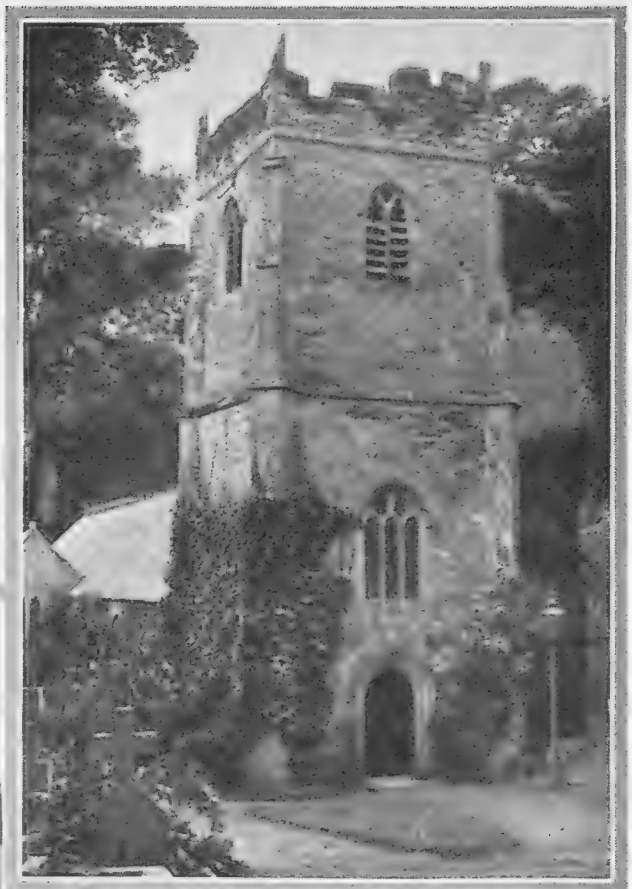
King Harry's Ferry with Roseland beyond. This ferry crosses the Fal just before the river broadens out into that great, final reach known as Carrick Roads

Come To Britain?

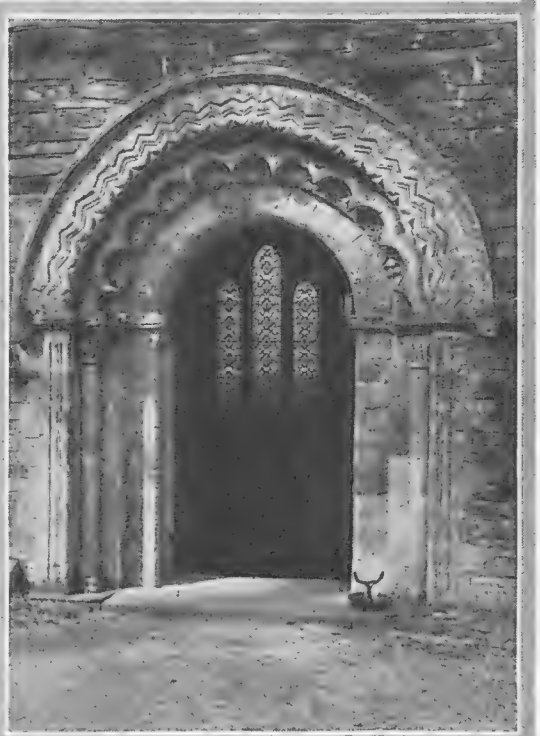
By G. Bernard Wood

and its little creatures. I always knew that he saw every stirring thing, though I, may I be forgiven, tried to turn his mind to the business through which I had made my wealth. But he only smiled at my talk of ingots and miners' wages. The fishermen now, he was far more interested in them." It is a picture that will commend itself to Cornish folk, for it harmonizes with their own traditional beliefs.

These were summarized for me, a few years ago, by the scholarly rector of St. Just-in-Roseland. While Joseph visited the tin mines above Restronguet Creek on the opposite shores of the River Fal, the boy Jesus—scenting something more to his liking than minerals—hired a boat, sailed across the river and pulled into the creek near St. Just Pool, the natural landing-place for the settlement now known as St. Just. This was probably a religious centre for



On right: Another view of the church, St. Just-in-Roseland



St. Mawes which is the virtual capital of Roseland. A ferry links St. Mawes with St. Anthony-in-Roseland, where there is an exquisite church—shown on right—with Norman and Early English features

the neighbourhood even then; at any rate, it is thought that Jesus here taught the Druids—in much the same manner as, in Jerusalem, he had already talked with the leaders of the Temple—thus preparing the way for the coming of Christianity, which those other traditions clustering around Glastonbury ascribe to a later visit of Joseph of Arimathea.

It is a fascinating theory. The late S. Baring Gould loved to expound it. Lack of direct historical evidence, and such questions as the language barrier between Our Lord and the Druids, in no way shake the loyalty of many Cornish folk to their beautiful tradition. In one particular or another the tradition has fastened itself upon their lives in curious ways. To this day Cornish tin-workers on lifting the first shovelful of tin, repeat the age-old phrase, "Joseph was a tin man." Indeed, the same formula is said to be used by tin-workers in other parts of the country.

It may be significant, too, that the St. Just commemorated in the name of this peaceful village was Jestyn, son of Geraint of the Round Table, which provides an obvious link with

(*Continued on page* 52)

A view of the River Fal with Roseland in the background. The ship at anchor is the famous "Cutty Sark"

On right: President W. V. S. Tubman, a descendant of freed slaves from the United States and Grebo tribes, people of the Cavally Valley, addressed the Liberian Legislative at Monrovia, the capital and principal city

President William V. S. Tubman wearing a chief's robe arrives at Monrovia Government building on the occasion of Liberia's century of independence. He is accompanied by Gabriele Dennis (*right*), Secretary of State

Once In Liberia

By Harry J. Greenwall

IN out of the way corners of our austerity newspapers, it was announced to an unconcerned world that 1947 was the Centenary of the Republic of Liberia. Ho-hum, yawned the world, and so what?

Well, it all depends; are you perhaps interested in the emancipation of the Negro? If so, then Liberia, 37,000 square miles on the west coast of Africa, is your laboratory, where there are approximately two million human guinea pigs.

Does global strategy mean anything to you? In which case, have a look at a map of the world, our brave new world, and you will find that a straight line, the shortest distance between two fixed points, means that Liberia is strategically vital to the United States, because the two fixed points I have in view are Monrovia, capital of Liberia, and Natal, a town in Brazil, across the Atlantic. During the second World War the U.S. built an important airfield, Roberts Field, in Liberia, and heavy was the aerial traffic between the two fixed points.

Roberts Field closed down its intensive activities, but remained as a potential air base before Mr. William Vacarat Shadrach Tubman, President of the Republic of Liberia, put on his top hat and frock coat and prepared to let the welkin ring in celebration of Liberia's Centenary. He reviewed the Liberian Army, 500 strong; he had broadcast to the handful of people who possess wireless sets; in the evening there were fireworks.

I wonder what the Liberians in the hinterland thought of it all, if by chance they had ever heard of it, for, you should know, that Liberia is both the most pathetically paradoxical and the most backward independent State in the world.

There are roughly not more than 12,000 "civilized people" as they call themselves, in the whole population of Liberia. The rest are, well, natives, not only in the literal sense of the word, meaning that they were born there, but native in the worldly sense of the word, meaning loincloths, (*Continued on page* 54)

A young rubber tree grafted with a bud from a high yielding variety is ready for planting. Liberia's chief product is rubber

On left: Native workers thatching a typical round conical-roofed hut. Some of the well-to-do live in two-storey wooden houses

White Ju-Ju

How A Woman's Tact Saved A Child From Something Which Even Medical Science Was Powerless To Combat

By Garnett Radcliffe

THE drum was made of dried sheep-skin stretched very tightly over a shell of thin wood smoothed and polished by the hands of generations of women. The man who played it did not strike or rap the parchment, he produced the droning, booming sounds by rubbing movements of his fingers. Occasionally, as the message demanded, he struck the side of the shell with the flat of his hand. He was a small monkey-like Bulu, very black and naked save for a strip of bark. While he played, or rather spoke on the drum, his eyes were rolled inwards with concentration and he kept his head inclined to catch the acknowledgments from the almost unexplored forest that surrounded the village as the sea surrounds a rock.

Although he did not look the part he was in actual fact an announcer broadcasting a message. Somewhere in the green depths of the forest sharp ears were catching and reading the droning of the drum prior to relaying it by similar drums to yet more distant villages. There was nothing any more magical or mysterious about this bush telegraphy than there is about morse, but it was almost as efficient. Within a few minutes of the sending the announcement was being listened to by frightened men and women in Kambe a hundred miles distant at the other end of the Tib-Zindar Territory which borders on French Equatorial Africa.

Had Broadcasting House had the task of sending out the same message, they might have rendered it something like this:

" Good evening, everybody. This is the ten o'clock news from Mauri. The boy who killed the sacred cockerel in which the spirit of Abu rested has been caught and sentenced. He is Haroon, aged twelve, son of Haitha. He has confessed his guilt. The sentence passed upon him by the Lord of Life and Death is that he die at the rising of the Third Moon. I will repeat that . . . Haroon will die at the rising of the Third Moon . . . M'Gumbe the Black Elephant, Lord of Life and Death has spoken . . . Haroon will die at the rising of the Third Moon . . . Great is M'Gumbe, the Lord of Life and Death. . . ."

Over forest and mountain, plain and jungle droned the message of death. It was like the mutter of a dark god.

" Haroon will die at rising of the Third Moon . . . Great is M'Gumbe, Lord of Life and Death. . . ."

And those who heard shivered as if they'd been touched by the shadow of the Black Elephant.

ALONE in a hut in the village of Mauri set apart for that very purpose, little Haroon was already dying. What he was dying of unless it were fear no European doctor could have diagnosed. He had no wound of any sort; his body was as tough and healthy as that of a twelve-year-old youngster could be. Yet he was indisputably dying.

He lay on the straw mat which presently would serve as both coffin and shroud when he was placed in a tree. Although he was not tied in any way he made no attempt to brush off the flies and ants already crawling on his unprotected body. Had he wished he could have escaped through the open entrance of the hut to the forest, but the idea never entered his mind. Even if he had fled he would still have died at the rising of the Third Moon. M'Gumbe, Lord of Life and Death had spoken and there was no escape.

Already the processes of life were ceasing. His heart-beats were becoming more feeble, his temperature was dropping and his respirations were barely perceptible. He lay rigid, staring with glazed eyes at the roof of the hut. His skin, normally black and shiny as ebony, had assumed a sort of mottled greenish hue and was cold and clammy as if he was already dead.

ON the afternoon that preceded the rising of the Third Moon, Haroon had a visitor. His name was Captain Pugh, and

PUGH gasped "You a white woman and a missionary say that? You think it right this fiend should go unpunished for the murder of a child?

he was the new Assistant Commissioner for that area. He'd been collecting tribute in the neighbourhood of Mauri, but the beating of the death-drum had informed him that some devilment was afoot, and he'd come to Mauri in haste.

Inexperienced as he was, a single glance at Haroon told him the boy was dying of ju ju and there was nothing could be done. He'd seen one or two similar cases before. Whether it was poison or autosuggestion or simply superstitious fear the witchman used, it was something which medical science was powerless to combat.

Mrs. Gowan had warned him his visit would be useless and had advised him not to go. She was a missionary, a little dried-up wisp of a Scotswoman who had been in those parts almost as many years as Assistant Commissioner Pugh was old. She also had been drawn to Mauri by the beating of the death-drum. But she'd made no attempt to visit the victim or to expostulate with the Black Elephant whose old friend she was.

Pugh's private opinion of Mrs. Gowan was that she'd been so long in Africa she had become a trifle touched herself. For a missionary she seemed remarkably tolerant of ju ju, and at the same time remarkably afraid of it. Some people said that that was because she had made friends of witch-doctors and really had learned some of their dark secrets; more people, amongst whom Pugh may be included, said she was a superstitious old fool who should have gone back to U.K. years before.

After his fruitless visit to Haroon during which it struck him that a curious hush had fallen on the village, Pugh went to Mrs Gowan's tent. He was white and shaken, for the slow murder of a child is not a nice thing to have to contemplate.

"It's a damnable business," he jerked out. "Look here, Mrs. Gowan, I'm not going to stand for this. Ju ju is illegal in British controlled territory and that old devil M'Gumbe knows it. I can get him fined and jailed for this."

Mrs. Gowan laid down her book with a sigh and shook her head.

"You couldn't. I tell you there's nothing you can do. Sit down and have a drink. You look tired."

"No, thanks. Why couldn't I?"

"Several reasons. In the first place you're up against very powerful ju ju. If M'Gumbe thought you were going to make trouble he'd see to it you never reached Zindar Post alive. Again, if you did reach Zindar Post you'd find it impossible to prove to the authorities that the boy had died of ju ju. It would be only your unsupported word against dozens of witnesses swearing what M'Gumbe told them to swear. And again, even if the authorities did believe you, they wouldn't punish M'Gumbe, and in my opinion they'd be right."

Pugh gasped.

"Right? You a white woman and a missionary say that? You think it right this fiend should go unpunished for the murder of a child?"

"M'Gumbe is not a fiend; he's a savage which is quite a different thing. And he's ruling a savage race by the only form of authority they respect—his knowledge of ju ju. On the whole I think he rules them very well. If you get rid of him or caused him to lose the respect of his tribe, you might get a much worse witch-doctor in his place."

"So you think it right Haroon should die because he killed some wretched cockerel?"

"It wasn't some wretched cockerel. That bird was considered holy in Mauri. To the natives it was the resting-place of the spirit of Abu."

Only because she was a woman and old, and had been too long in Africa, did Pugh manage to restrain his tongue. But he could not resist one sneer.

"Of course you believe in ju ju, Mrs. Gowan?"

"Of course," she said placidly. "There's good ju ju and there's bad ju ju. I sometimes try to practice a little myself."

"Which? Good or bad?"

"One never can be quite certain," Mrs. Gowan smiled.

THE afternoon was drawing on. As Pugh strode to his own tent the death-drum was still muttering. Although he couldn't read the code—no white man could have done—he knew what it was telling the forest.

". . . The Black Elephant has spoken. Haroon will die at the rising of the Third Moon . . . Great is M'Gumbe, the Lord of Life and Death. . . ."

Pugh cursed between his teeth. Ju ju was being committed before his very eyes and he felt helpless. The thought of the boy dying by inches in that dark, fly-infested hut was horrible.

At the entrance of his own tent his orderly, an ex-corporal of the Lake Chad Pioneers, saluted in military fashion.

"I conveyed thy message, Lord. The answer is that the King of the Tib-Zindar sends his salutations to the ambassador of the Great White King and will receive him and his gifts to-morrow while the sun is young. Also, he has sent a kid, two chickens and fruit that My Lord may feast."

One doesn't disclose one's feelings before natives. Pugh forced a smile.

"It is well. Prepare my bath and get out clean clothing at once. Leave the kid, but have both chickens killed. It may be Mrs. Gowan Sahib will eat in my company."

He bathed and changed hurriedly. There wasn't a great deal of time left in which to save the life of Haroon. When he was ready he slipped his revolver into the side pocket of his bush tunic. His orderly watched him like an expectant but not enthusiastic dog.

"Follow me at a distance, Ali, carrying your rifle. This is a bad village. Plenty bad ju ju in this village."

Ali, who knew much more about that side of things than did his master, might have retorted: "Sez you!" He didn't. He

WHEN Ali had reached the furrow he stopped. He stared down at his feet and his eyes bulged. Then a yell of terror burst from his lips, "The snake!" He leapt into the air and clasped his bare ankle

grinned and saluted, took his rifle and prayed earnestly to his own private ju ju for protection for them both.

Pugh walked with long strides to M'Gumbe's palaver-house. It stood in a clearing and behind it was the temple of the Goddess of Trees.

Assistant Commissioner Pugh passed the temple with a shudder. To him it stank of superstition, cruelty and human sacrifice. Indeed, he would have liked to have cleaned up all Mauri with a Bren gun.

The witchman was seated on a stool outside the palaver-house. As his nickname of "Black Elephant" implied, he was a huge man, his limbs and stomach swollen with beri-beri. His face, hideously tattooed and criss-crossed with cuts, was at once childish and brutal rather like the face of a bull. His eyes were crafty, but his head was the head of a ruler of men.

Round him sat about a dozen lesser Bulu chieftains. With their shaven heads, protruding lips and long thin naked limbs they looked little removed from the monkeys who roamed the forest. They spoke with guttural, clicking sounds. They grinned continuously, but when they looked at M'Gumbe there was fear in their rolling eyes.

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

Silence fell on the circle as the Assistant Commissioner strode up. To reach them he had stepped over a furrow ploughed in the red soil to have crossed which without permission would have meant death for a Bulu. The chiefs scowled, lowered their eyes and handled their thin, poison-tipped spears.

M'Gumbe had shown no sign of annoyance. Wrapped in a red blanket he rose and held out his hand. Pugh ignored it. He turned and shouted to his orderly.

"Ali, come here and translate. I wish to give an order to this man."

Ali approached. He came very slowly, his eyes not on his master but on the witchman. Again Pugh was aware of an intense, watchful silence. Even the trees seemed to have ceased rustling to watch.

"Hasten," Pugh shouted again. "This is an urgent matter."

The Haussa's face was ashen and he was trembling visibly. His eyes were on the witchman who made motions with his hands as he returned the stare.

When Ali had reached the furrow he stopped. He stared down at his feet and his eyes bulged. Then a yell of terror burst from his lips.

"The snake!"

With another yell he leapt into the air and clasped his bare ankle. Then he flung down his rifle, turned and fled. They saw him running like a mad thing through the huts until he vanished in the shadow of the trees.

All eyes turned to Pugh. In the heat, the uncanny silence and the gathering dusk he suddenly felt afraid. It was as if he could feel forces of evil gathering about him.

He made an effort to pull himself together. He was a white man, a civilized, educated white man over whom ju ju could have no power. But how should he act? Draw his revolver and threaten M'Gumbe? It would probably mean a poisoned spear between the shoulders from one of the lowering chiefs.

It was with a relief of which he felt almost ashamed he saw Mrs. Gowan walking quickly from her tent where she must have seen everything. At least she could (*Continued on page* 58)

SALVAGE work on war wrecks around the coasts of Britain has been given a fillip by the introduction of new methods for the recovery of cargoes and scrap, by the enhanced value of these at a time of acute shortage, and, not least, by the gambling bug that permeates the present day. The attraction exerted by sunken riches has never lapsed; the call to adventures to men and money becomes magnetic when values are lost and restlessness mounts amid fenced-in frustration.

The Spanish galleon in Tobermory Bay drew our fathers; cases of whisky in the same latitude are sufficient to fire the imaginations of young men of the commando spirit, including a V.C.

But—there's always a "but" nowadays; I wait for it every time—*but* let us get things in focus right at the start. Lest this article should upset further lives, in a vain chase.

Millions In Salvage...

By Ferdinand Tuohy

There are some 550 war wrecks dotted within fifty miles of shore, the majority in clusters near the entries to ports. There were a great many more. Altogether the Germans sank a round 3,000,000 tons in home waters by mine, torpedo and bomb, but no less than 2,000,000 tons were salved during the war under the aegis of the Admiralty which in wartime directs salvage in respect of both naval vessels and merchant shipping.

The proportion of the former to the latter may have been as twenty per cent to eighty per cent. But this made no odds. The less difficult cases were selected for this wartime patching and floating so that casualties of every kind might be put back into use. It follows that the residue of a million tons which interests salvage companies to-day, comprises the toughest jobs. This refers not only to the condition of the wrecks themselves—an unimaginable filth, rust and rot in a contorted frame half buried, half filled with oily ooze, and every day that passes, making things worse. There is another aspect to which enthusiasts must bend. The waters round Britain are probably the worst in Europe for salvage purposes.

Gale warnings point to the sceptred isle as the darling of Aeolus—and gales can hold up salvage for weeks, undo it in a trice.

On right: The diver goes down into the hold of a crippled ship. A torpedo blew a hole in the aft hold, throwing the cargo out of the hatch

Below: P.L.A. salvage vessels, including two "camels" each capable of lifting over 1,500 tons, working on a vessel sunk three miles south-east of Southend Pier. The operations had to be abandoned for the time being owing to inclement weather. In the foreground is a dinghy, carrying the diver, who is awaiting instructions to wind up his part of the work

Rocks without end snare the diver, foul his gear. Shoals and quicksands abound. Conditions can be so arduous that crack divers are exhausted after two spells of fifteen minutes during the twenty-four hours. Often they can't see ten feet about them, for suspended sand and swirling slime and mud—and, unfortunately, such opaqueness is usually greatest at the mouths of the estuaries where most wrecks lie.

How different in those happy hunting grounds of salvage, the Caribbean, Pacific islands, even the Mediterranean! In sunnier climes and seas the diver can see to a depth of 100 feet, and, when he descends, he moves in warm water.

We must banish from our minds all thought of clear, still waters, and the lovely submarine scenery at the bottom of lagoons. No diver around Britain has ever stood in wonder or admiration, but, more likely, in the equivalent of a London pea souper, and cold and punished, at that, and fighting to keep position. And when (*Continued on page* 61)

Stopping the horses at Charing Cross with a hold-up gang of confederates, Rochester transferred Elizabeth to another coach in which two women escorts waited, and she was driven out of town

Courtier, Poet and Rake

The Story Of A King's Favourite, His Amorous Adventures And Escapades.

Illustrations by JACK MATTHEW.

OF all the Restoration rakes—and there were plenty—John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester, was both the best and worst, perhaps because he was also poet and mordant satirist.

A favourite of Charles II. and crony in his amorous escapades, he did not hesitate to turn his scathing wit on the King, his mistresses and ministers, and was out of Court in disgrace almost as often as in. Charles, he jibed, "never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one." He even attempted to kiss the Royal mistress, the Duchess of Cleveland, as she was alighting from her carriage—to find himself on his back in the road for his impertinence. At the Dutch ambassador's he boxed the ears of Thomas Killigrew in the King's presence and might have lost his hand for it, had he drawn blood. Pepys said it was "to the King's everlasting shame to have so idle a rogue his companion."

Drink, gaming, women, practical jokes, lampoons . . . this sensually handsome youth was a prey to all the follies of a Court that made a cult of folly. Perhaps marriage would tame him? Charles saw his possible salvation in Elizabeth, daughter of John Malet of Enmere, heiress to £2,500 a year—a fortune in those days—whom Pepys called "the great beauty and fortune of the north." But despite the Royal blessing on the suit, she would have nothing to do with the "Prince of all the Devils in the Town . . . delighting in nothing but in Rapes and Riots," even though he had "a Tongue that would tempt the Angels to a second fall."

Young Rochester's *riposte* to this snub was to kidnap her one May evening of 1665 when she was returning with her grandfather, Lord Hawley, after supping with Frances Stuart, another of the King's mistresses. Stopping the horses at Charing Cross with a hold-up gang of confederates, he transferred her to another coach in which two women escorts waited, and she was driven out of town. Charles, warned by her family, ordered a hue and cry. Rochester, arrested near Uxbridge, was committed to the Tower, but soon pardoned. He had not wished to harm the lady, merely to woo her in earnest—possibly at his Oxfordshire home! What Elizabeth thought of it all we don't know; but two years later she married him, turning down rich rival suitors for one who, at best, was faithful to her in his (Restoration) fashion. . . .

HIS prowess at sea may have had some effect on her change of heart if the abduction did not. Joining Lord Sandwich's fleet in the summer of '65, he behaved with "brave and resolute courage" when twenty frigates sailed into Bergen harbour to attack the treasure-laden Dutch East India ships—quite a "Narvik" affair. The following year he carried a dispatch in an open boat under enemy fire in a Channel engagement—child's play for one who could kidnap to woo, snatching his lady from rival lords.

Charles was so pleased with Rochester the sailor that he disbursed £750 to square his debts, made him Gentleman of the Bedchamber at £1,000 a year; but neither

the sea nor marriage could cure him of his madcap follies. During one banishment from Court he lived incognito in the city, hobnobbed with aldermen and their wives—who adored him—and openly denounced the debaucheries of the King and his friends, confessing that he didn't know why " fire hadn't fallen from heaven on Whitehall since they endured there such rascals as Rochester, Killigrew and Sidney, who maintained that all the city husbands were cuckolds and their wives painted."

As " Alexander Bendo " he set up as quack doctor, astrologer, cosmetician and beauty specialist, with a stall on Tower Hill, commending himself in a lengthy circular full of medical bunk and bluff in which, among others things, he told his credulous women dupes : " I will also preserve and cleanse your Teeth, white and round as Pearls, fastning them that are loose ; your gums shall be kept entire, and red as Coral, your Lips of the same Colour, and soft as you could wish your lawful Kisses." Here was, indeed, a mountebank of the Cagliostro breed.

AT an inn on the Newmarket road, he and the Duke of Buckingham set up as tavern-keepers, regaling the locals with free feasts and liquor, and incidentally corrupting any comely lass who chanced their way. One who took Rochester's fancy—the pretty young wife of an old miser—he secretly visited at night disguised as an old crone. In the end, she decamped to the inn at midnight, bringing with her the miser's hoard. Never was there such a hostelry, even on the Newmarket road, as this Rochester-Buckingham joint (*pro. tem.*). Charles, at Newmarket for the races, was so amused by the exploit that he welcomed the errant favourite with open arms.

RESTORED to Royal favour, Rochester became the powerful patron of poets and dramatists, and also of actresses. His intrigues with Court ladies—and their maids—led him to Elizabeth Barry, who served Lady Shelton of Norfolk and dreamed of stage

At an inn on the Newmarket road, Rochester and Buckingham set up as tavern-keepers. Never was there such a hostelry, even on the Newmarket road, as this Rochester-Buckingham joint

fame. At fifteen, it was said, "they could make nothing of her; she could neither sing nor dance, no, not even a country dance." Colley Cibber notes that there was little hope for her at the outset; at the end of the first year she was "discharged the company." She had no ear for music; sang out of tune.

Rochester, Pygmalion to her Galatea, wagered that in six months he'd make her a star. He trained her voice, taught her to act with passion, made her rehearse a part thirty times, and then another dozen in full dress, until she became an actress of note. She had lovely eyes, spoke with an engaging drawl. Some critics liked her, others thought her middling indifferent, a selfish, mercenary gold-digger. Rochester liked her enough to give her a daughter. She eventually retired to Acton village and died at fifty-five from the bite of a favourite lapdog. Another protégée was Sarah Cooke, of whom a contemporary said that the public was obliged to Rochester for "the prettiest but, at the same time, the worst actress in the kingdom."

The drama, like the Court, was a hotbed of feuds. Rochester showed no mercy to Thomas Otway when the dramatist made advances to Mistress Barry. A quarrel with Dryden's patron, the Earl of Mulgrave, led to a duel of sorts in Knightsbridge Fields, at which Rochester, surprisingly, was said to have shown the white feather. First—according to Mulgrave—he insisted that they be mounted. Mulgrave and Aston, his second, stayed the night in an inn, where they were mistaken for highwaymen. In the morning Rochester turned up with a stray Lifeguardsman instead of his second, said he had chosen to fight

on horseback because he was "weak with a distemper," agreed to fight on foot because the others had only poor mounts, and finally found himself "unfit to fight at all any way, much less afoot."

Rochester's biographer, Professor Vivian de Sola Pinto, thinks he was just playing the fool, enjoying the fun of dragging them out to Knightsbridge on a fool's errand and turning this absurd "honour" business into a farce—as Sheridan and his rival Mathews did on a similar occasion, when the "duel" lapsed into a pub-crawl. But it tarnished his reputation for courage.

AT Epsom in '76 there was another farcical affair, unfortunately involving the death of one of Rochester's merry party named Downs. When the village fiddlers refused to play for the roisterers they tossed them in a blanket, then seized the village barber and ordered him to take them to Epsom's handsomest woman. Instead, he led them to the constable's house, where they smashed in the door and thoroughly belaboured the officer, who screamed "Murder!"

Rochester, very drunk, drew his sword. The watch sailed into the fray with pikes

when Rochester, very drunk, drew his sword. The watch sailed into the fray with pikes; Downs was downed with a stave-blow on the head and left to fight it out while the others decamped.

Three years later Rochester, sick from his excesses, read Gilbert Burnett's *History of the Reformation*, invited the author to visit him, discussed religion and morality, on his death-bed repented heartily of a misspent life, and, it is said, ordered his obscene writings to be destroyed. Burnett believed that the man who boasted that he'd been consistently drunk for five successive years would have kept to his good resolutions had he recovered. . . .

Whether he would or not—whether, in fact, it was just a case of "The Devil was sick, the Devil a Saint would be; the Devil was well, the divil a Saint was he"—perhaps there was some truth in Burnett's view that he was "naturally modest till the Court corrupted him." He certainly had the best start in life that any boy could wish. As the son of Henry, the first Earl of Rochester, he was certain of the King's favours on account of his father's services to Charles I. He went to grammar school at the lovely little town of Burford, on the edge of the Cotswolds, then to Wadham College, Oxford, where he was M.A. at the precocious age of just over fourteen and began writing verse. By the age of seventeen he had travelled through France and Italy under the care of a Dr. Balfour.

Once at Court, however, and the playfellow of rakes like George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, Charles Sackville, Duke of Dorset, Sir Charles Sedley and Henry Savile, he lived at a pace which induced Campbell to say that the stories told of him were "what few would believe, and what the good would refrain from reading," though his letters to his wife and son reveal him as "tender, playful, and alive to all the affections of a husband, a father, and a son." His verses, Walpole said, "contain more obscenity than wit, more wit than poetry, and more poetry than politeness," but he could turn a pretty love lyric, as in this opening to "Constancy"—

I cannot change, as others do,
  Though you unjustly scorn,
Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
  For you alone was born;
No, Phyllis, no, your heart to move
  A surer way I'll try—,
And to revenge my slighted love,
  Will still love on, and die. . . .

His portrait at Warwick Castle shows him crowning a monkey with laurel. Perhaps that may serve instead of an epitaph?

[END.]

Beach Tor, near Dartmeet, Devon, a typically wintry Dartmoor scene: a gaunt pile of granite stones on a summit, hills and valley in the distance. The uppermost stone resembles the profile of a lizard's head

Vanished Folk

The Unsolved Riddle of Dartmoor

By C. Fox Smith

THERE are two outstanding qualities about the scenery of Dartmoor which cannot fail to impress themselves on those, more particularly, who leave behind the main roads with their buses and chars-à-bancs, and follow the rough trackways which lead aside to the moor's remoter fastnesses. One is its solitude; the other the ever-present sense of the past.

Look round you as you stand on a lonely part of the moor, and you will see no more signs of man's presence than you might in many parts of Southern Rhodesia or of the Canadian prairie. A farm nestles in a plantation of stunted trees. A few ponies and sheep move among the heather and coarse grass that grows between the screes — or "clitters" as the moormen call them—of loose stones that strew the slopes crowned by the tors. The tors themselves, piled in fantastic shapes and sculptured by the weathering of centuries, have been endowed by the later dwellers on the moor with such names as Bowerman's Nose, from their likeness to human features, and some antiquaries, more imaginative than exact in their surmises, have described them as the gods of a vanished race, at whose altars the rites of a dark creed have been practised. But in sober fact they owe nothing to man, and it is elsewhere that the real traces of the past must be sought.

Nowadays the four hundred square miles which constitute the Forest of Dartmoor make up the loneliest and most unpeopled part of Southern England. Yet in the misty dawn of pre-history the fact has been solidly established by archæological research that this was probably one of the most densely populated regions in the British Isles, together with some other districts now equally solitary, such as the Precelly Hills in Pembrokeshire from which the stones of Stonehenge were in all likelihood hewn. The reason is not far to seek. In a country covered for the most part with dense forest, in which the hyena-wolf and other fierce beasts of prey roamed at will, to say nothing of the supernatural beings created by untutored imagination, and with swampy river valleys as unhealthy as those of Equatorial Africa, early man with his crude flint weapons was likely to seek out for his dwelling-place the higher and less densely-wooded ground where—aided by his new servant Fire—he might keep himself and his few domestic animals fairly safe from their foes.

FOR the most part, with one or two notable exceptions, the monuments of the past on Dartmoor are not spectacular, like those of Stonehenge or the remains at Avebury. In many cases, indeed, only those who know (*Continued on page* 62)

Spinster's Rock, near Moreton Hampstead, Devon. A striking relic of the Stone Age, a burial chamber, and notable as the only standing dolmen in South Devon. The top slab measures 15 by 10 feet and weighs 10 tons

On right:

Post Bridge, Devon, one of the sights of Dartmoor is this pack horse bridge over the East Dart river. Its colossal loose stones form one of the oldest paved track ways we have in the country. The main road from Moreton Hampstead to Princetown is carried by the more modern bridge in the background

Be Brave,

Was Paula's Love For Sam Greater Than The Love She Had For Her Daughter Jane?

By Cecilie Leslie

PAULA watched Sam climb the slope. His pace never slackened as hers did : he went up slowly with the effortless, monotonous rhythm of the mountaineer. She tried to imitate him but after a short while her calves ached, and her lungs pumped violently. She returned to her own method, which was to climb vigorously for a hundred yards and then to lean against the slate wall until she recovered her breath.

She had enjoyed walking along the valley beside the banks of Afon Alice tinkling under ferns. The first part of the climb had been enjoyable because she still had energy to spare for what she saw around her. With each step upwards the sky widened, and the lovely hills of Wales, Corlan Fraith, Bryn Dinas, Trum Gelli flattened out towards the milk-white glitter of Cardigan Bay. After a while her interest in the scenery was lost in her effort to keep Sam in sight.

Once he shouted down to her, "Look, Plynlimmon!" and she turned round politely, nodded in the direction of the flattened peak, wondering, does he mean that one? and went on again, dulled by the ache in her back and legs.

At times like this when she became exhausted she found herself unable to check the thoughts that swarmed into her mind. It had been like this for the past six months : whenever she was off her guard, or tired, doubts like wasps buzzed in her mind, probed and shrieked the inevitable questions : What are you going to do? Are you running away with Sam, or are you staying with Grahame? You say you love Sam, and you say you can't live without him. But we've heard that all before, you know, it's the theme of every popular song, movie, novel. We thought you had a better sense of responsibility and love. We mean "love" in another sense than yours. We mean the love you have for Jane, not the musical comedy brand you have for Sam. That's unfair, she fought back. Unfair and untrue. I am in love with Sam, rightly or wrongly I do love him, and that's a fact I won't argue about.

But what about Grahame? You cannot marry a man, bear his child and then leave him with an apology and the current justification for a—morality. It isn't good enough for you, and you know it. In the long run *you* are the person who will suffer. It won't break Grahame's heart, nor Jane's. Grahame is a philosopher, and Jane will not mind after a year. But it is your own muddled, sensitive mind that will be punished. Shut up, she answered angrily, shut up and leave me alone, I know what I'm doing.

She leaned against the slate wall, her arms stretched along it, her fingers nervously tugging at loose slabs. She called to Sam, "Let's have a rest. I'm finished."

He paused on the skyline looking down on her, trying to catch her faint call. When he saw her exhausted attitude, he turned downhill, crushing bracken stems as he pounded towards her.

"What's the matter? You should have called out long ago, darling. You look done in. Come along, lie down. Put your head on my lap, and take it easy." He fussed over her, opened his rucksack and brought out a Thermos of iced water, and held the tin cup to her lips.

"I feel better, don't give me any sympathy. It was temper."

He stroked her forehead and kissed her eyelids. "Shall we go back?"

"Of course not. I won't let this mountain beat me."

"You look all in. I insist we stop here for lunch. Besides I haven't talked to you for almost an hour. I am getting lonely."

"Me too."

They sat close together, their backs against the wall, the resilient bracken bent under their bare legs. She lay with closed eyes feeling the sun warm her. Sam slipped his arms under her shoulder, kissed her hair, "When I see you like this I realize what a child you are. I want so desperately to look after you, darling. I couldn't live without you now. You're part of me."

"I love you, Sam. Always remember that."

"I don't like the way you said that. You haven't changed your mind?"

She looked up into his face from a foreshortened angle, his chin above her forehead, his tumbled hair outlined against the cloud. His look of concern touched her.

"I haven't decided anything yet." She tried to lead him away from the subject which troubled her continually. "What's the name of this mountain?" She propped herself up on one elbow, and drew out maps from his rucksack. "Here's the Afon Alice. It must be this one. Taren Rhos Farch. That means the Moor of the Thunder Horse."

"Are you trying to sidetrack me?"

"I can imagine him. A red horse with black tail flying behind him and fire coming out of his nostrils."

"Stop teasing me."

She was immediately contrite.

"I am not teasing you. I am most desperately worried. I don't know what to do. I must have time to think it over quietly."

He jumped up as if he could no longer endure inactivity, and stood looking down on her.

"It's not a question of time, Paula. You've been months wondering and worrying and tying yourself up in knots. You've got to make a decision now. Today. I can't go on like this, darling. I haven't pressed you, because I didn't want to rush you. But there's a limit. You must make up your mind."

His impatience vanished as suddenly as it had come, and when he spoke again it was with his habitual gentleness. He put his arms round her as he said, "Be brave, darling. You've got to make a decision sooner or later, and I want you to do it now."

He held her close to him, and talked to her as he would to a child, trying to be fair to the others whom she loved and must hurt. "I know the person you are most concerned about is Jane. I've known that all along. Darling, you must believe me when I say Jane won't ever blame you. She might miss you at

JANE turned back to her mother, threw her arms about her neck and burst out with: "I can go home with you, can't I? I hate school"

first, but children are more hardy and adaptable than their mothers credit. I'm the son of divorced parents myself, and I'm devoted to my mother. If it's Grahame you are fretting over, I know he's a decent sort and won't be vindictive."

Paula did not answer him at first, she lay against him, her head propped on his chest, the fingers of one hand entwined in his. Between the bracken stems she could see the Afon Valley rolling away towards the smoke-blue hills of Merioneth.

Somewhere in the valley a tractor was at work and across the estuary she heard the muted chug and whistle of the train from Eidal. She thrust aside the bracken with her legs and made a window through the fronds from which she could look down over the valley, across the humps of forest to the marsh land bordering the Duffi. Along the water's edge she saw the train, a large smoke plume over a valiant little engine pulling a line of rattling carriages along the track. It was gone and she moved the bracken back, watching green light fall over her legs. The hillside was smooth but there was nothing soft about it. It climbed steeply towards the horizon where a flock of mountain sheep grazed, their fleece white against iron-grey cloud. She would always remember this moment, it was always like this when she was with Sam. Whenever they were together, the shape of hills, the sound of bees, the smell of peat, possessed a sharper, clearer significance. It was as if the commonplace radiated an extra light, wore a nimbus, because she was with him. To leave him meant to destroy the reality of her life, to blur a magical perspective.

At last she told him, "I shall go away with you."

Darling

Illustrations by Jack · Faulks

WHILE they ate lunch Sam outlined his plan.

"You must leave Duffi. I don't mean sometime soon. I mean leave with me tonight, it's the only way. I know you so well now. You don't want to hurt anyone, so you end up by making everyone miserable. Therefore you will pack as soon as you get back and leave by the ten-thirty train tonight."

"You are a bully," she answered lightly, and added more seriously, "There's one thing I must do first."

"I know—Jane. Don't you think you will unsettle her? Why don't you write to her instead. After all, she can come to you for the holidays."

"I want to see her, that's all, it's something I can't explain. Even if it's only a glimpse it will satisfy me. I shall go away knowing she's well and happy."

He pulled the maps out again and spread them over her knees.

"See where this ridge ends? We can walk along the top of Taren Rhos Farch, drop down here into Happy Valley and take the Towyn road. We'll come out just above the school and I daresay we can find a place to look down on the playground without appearing too conspicuous. Would that satisfy you?"

"That would satisfy me." Once it was settled she felt happy and laughed at herself for sentimental ideas.

THEY sat on a ledge about a hundred feet above the stone towers and buttresses of Caer Pennal School. The playground spread out below them, deserted, its earth stamped hard under swings, seesaws and an iron chute. They could hear the hum of children's voices through the open windows and Paula was reminded of the suppressed activity of a beehive. The silence was shattered by the school bell, and before its jarring clamour ended a swarm of children rushed out.

Sam peered over the ledge. "That's her, isn't it, with the pigtails. The kid on the swing."

"No, too big. Better sit down, I don't want the headmistress after you. Miss Evans is an intimidating little Welsh woman who wouldn't hesitate to cane you."

Paula scanned the running, jumping, skipping forms in navy gym tunics, black stockings and white blouses. From that angle they looked much alike and she wondered if she would be able to distinguish Jane. "That's her." She pointed to a child who sat alone, her narrow shoulders hunched over a piece of paper.

"She doesn't look happy. She has a way of expressing all

the troubles of the world when she crouches like that in a corner."

"She looks all right to me. She's probably making rude drawings of the head."

"There is something wrong." Paula's voice lost its lightness. "It worries me to see her like that."

"I'll soon settle it." Before she could stop him Sam bounded down the hillside, jumping over the bracken and looking like an ungainly schoolboy himself. Paula followed hoping that his impetuosity would not bring them into disgrace with Miss Evans. He worried her still more when he waved his stick and bellowed cheerily over the fence, "Jaane." The child looked up, and Paula could clearly see her woebegone expression. As soon as she recognized her mother Jane darted across the playground, bumping into others, and hurtling madly up the bank over Miss Evans's flower beds.

"Mummy, darling! Mummy, darling!" She threw herself against the fence, her arms held out to be lifted over. Sam picked her up and swung her across the boundary.

"How did you know to come mummy! Now I needn't run away. You've come to take me away. God has answered my prayer."

"What *is* all this about? Sit here, and quieten down my lamb."

Sam added his welcome with, "Hello, young woman," but Jane was too excited and confused to spare him attention. She kept her eyes, red with rubbing and tears, fixed upon her mother. The three settled themselves out of Miss Evans's vision behind a bush of broom, and while Sam rummaged in his bag for cherries, Paula automatically started to undo her daughter's tightly plaited hair. Her fingers loosened the straight dark strands, and with the touch of her mother's fingers Jane's tension eased, she relaxed against her mother's side, accepted Sam's cherries, and smiled at him. "Thank you, Sam. I was going to write and thank you for your sweet ration, now I've seen you I don't have to write to you."

"If these are the first cherries you've tasted you must wish, Jane."

Sam attempted to divert her thoughts but she was not to be sidetracked. She turned back to her mother, threw her arms about her neck and burst out with: "I can go home with you, can't I? I hate school. I hate the girls. I'm so unhappy Mummy. I want to go home."

Paula turned away her head, upset by the misery in the child's voice. After all she was only six: too young, many people said to be sent away from home.

"I was writing you a secret letter. One of the day girls was going to post it."

Paula took the exercise book in which Jane had written across two pages in the middle, "Very Important and Secret. No one to Read This Letter." Under it in heavy capitals she read: "Dear Mummy, How are you? Come at once. I hate Caer Pennal. I will run away at dead of night if you don't come. I want to go home. Your loving Jane."

She bent grave eyes on Jane, continuing to stroke her head with the soothing touch of a mesmerist. Perhaps unconsciously she was trying to communicate adult calmness to the agitated child. Watching mother and daughter Sam reflected that Paula no longer seemed to be the dependant child-woman she always appeared to him. Her wisdom deepened when Jane's welfare depended on her, and Jane's confidence in her mother's judgment was as complete as Paula's was in his. That made it all the more important to act wisely, he reflected, and wondered for a moment whether he had indeed done what was best for her. But he doubted only for an instant. His love for her was genuine and true, and he knew that she too was deeply in love with him. There could be no happiness for either of them if they were separated.

"Don't you like the Welsh girls?" Paula was asking.

"Oh, it isn't that, Mummy. I want to go home. I want to be with you. I cry every night," she ended up, the tears welling up once more.

Sam shook the bag of cherries under her blurred eyes. Jane made an effort to smile, but though she put some of the fruit in her mouth, it was clear she was thoroughly upset and cherries made no difference.

"Take me away. Take me away. Don't leave me here Mummy." She stopped suddenly, looking into her mother's eyes. Perhaps she read there the impossibility of realizing her wish, for her look of misery deepened, then there came over her, growing like a skin, a look of stubbornness, of defiant resolution. She compressed her lips. "If you won't take me away, I shall run away."

Paula looked across

(*Continued on page 64*)

"OH, mummy, I'm just coming back from running away. It wasn't because I was frightened," this was said defensively. "It was because I decided to be brave. That's why I was going back"

Homes Of Famous People

Dove Cottage, Grasmere, Westmorland. Where Wordsworth made his home from 1802-08

The simple cottage beside the main road at Elstow, Beds, in which John Bunyan lived after his marriage in 1649

The pretty thatched cottage at Lower Bockhampton, where Thomas Hardy was born in 1840

Milton's cottage, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks, where the poet began writing *Paradise Regained*

Little Sodbury Manor, Gloucestershire, where Tyndale secretly translated the Bible into English

Eversley Rectory and Church, home of Charles Kingsley, where he was vicar from 1842-75

WHILST we choose to remember famous people by erecting a statue to their memory, how much more satisfying is it to visit the place where they lived and worked. In recent years, the homes of men and women famous in the literary world have been preserved as near as possible to the days in which they worked, and are generally open to the public.

The National Trust, not surprisingly, plays its own part in the good work. At Nether Stowey, in Somerset, is the ivy-covered cottage where Samuel Taylor Coleridge made his home from 1797 to 1800. It stands on the Bridgwater to Minehead road near the beautiful Quantock country the poet knew so well.

An even smaller home is Dove Cottage, Grasmere, in Westmorland. From 1802 to 1808 Wordsworth, with his sister Dorothy, grew to love the Lake District from this perfect centre. Here came De Quincey, Charles Lamb, (*Continued on page* 56)

The Rearston

The Mystery Of An Emerald Necklace

THE necklace was at least three hundred years old, and, despite the many changes in fashion, generation after generation of Rearston women had refused to have the lovely old Florentine setting altered. It had become more than an heirloom, it was a legend in the family.

Sophie Woolland was extremely interested when Sir Ronald told her about it for her family had been connected with the Rearstons for centuries. Her grandfather—like his forbears—had worked on the Rearston Estate, but had emigrated to Canada fifty years before. He and his son—Sophie's father—had built up a considerable fortune and Sophie was an extremely wealthy girl. She had met Sir Ronald Rearston at a dance at the American Embassy in Paris.

"My grandfather came from a little village called Rearston," the Canadian girl told him, and they proceeded to establish the link between them.

It made the Englishman think. This Canadian girl—cultured, debonair, beautifully dressed as well as pretty—might have been a girl in an English village but for that adventurous streak in her grandfather; might, indeed, even have been a maid at Rearston Hall. Indeed, as the days went by, he found himself thinking of Sophie Woolland rather more than was good for his peace of mind.

The next time they met was on the deck of a cross-channel steamer. Sophie was talking to a man whom Rearston knew slightly—Wilmer Hancock—and the three of them travelled to Victoria together. A queer bird, Wilmer Hancock, Rearston would have said, but a fellow one instinctively liked. Sophie, too, was puzzled by him. He was in love with her—a woman usually knows—but, so far, had said nothing.

He was about as unlike Rearston as a man could well be. Of Sir Ronald, one knew almost everything .... his family, his career in the Foreign Office, the lovely old house in Hertfordshire, which had cradled his family. Only an extremely unwise marriage, people said, could stop his becoming an ambassador. But of Hancock, little definite was known. Most people had met him, and he was popular, but there was a vagueness about him. And, these days, it is exceptional for a youngish man, even a wealthy one, not to have some sort of a job.

He was an Australian, but had been in America for years. Indeed, he seemed to have been to all the amusing places, and to have no outstanding national characteristics. He might have

Illustrations by E. Ratcliff

been forty, and in his way was almost as good-looking as Rearston.

He interested Sophie. That he had never attempted to make love to her put him in a class apart and, being a woman, she could not help wondering why. He sometimes took her to odd, hidden-away restaurants which she found far more amusing than the usual resorts of people with too much money, and it was in one of them, a few weeks after the meeting on the Channel steamer, that she told him she was going to marry Ronald Rearston.

For a moment his eyes were on her . . . hungrily, before he said: "I'm glad, Sophie. He's a good chap."

"He asked me last night. The announcement will be in the papers on Saturday."

"You love him?" he asked.

She met his eyes unflinchingly: "Yes," she said. "Funny, isn't it? I should have said that he was about the last man I should have fallen for."

"I'm afraid it'll cut out everything like this," he hazarded. "You'll be Lady Rearston. And with you behind him, he'll go right to the top."

"He'll do that, anyway," she said. "I'm terrified of letting him down. Money doesn't seem to cut a lot of ice in his world."

"I didn't mean your money, Sophie. I meant you. Come on; let's dance. The drummer's tight and it might be amusing."

"I'm dying to see that house of his—Rearston Hall. He's going back there to see that the roof is still on and so forth, as he put it. My aunt and I are staying there this weekend. There hasn't been a woman living there since his mother died."

"Sophie," he whispered—and she was in his arms on that dance floor, remember—"I—I—hope you're happy. I'm certain you will be." There was a sudden intensity in his words which startled her.

"Funny old thing, aren't you!" she said in a worried tone.

"Funnier than you could imagine, Sophie," he said, but his sudden grin still left her wondering.

"Ronald was talking the other evening about an emerald necklace called the Rearston Luck," she said as they returned to their table. "Apparently every Rearston bride wears it, although green is supposed to be unlucky."

"Nervous?"

"Gracious, no. They've worn it for three hundred years and it doesn't seem to have done them a lot of harm. I shall see it this weekend."

"I can see the whole thing thrills you," he said. "And I'm glad."

He filled up their glasses: "To you—and yours, my dear," he said.

"Why have you never married, Wilmer?" she asked, after a silence.

"I suppose I'm not the marrying sort," he said.

"But why not?" she persisted.

For a reply he shrugged his shoulders, but Sophie had noticed a queer expression in his eyes.

But she was not to see the Rearston Luck that weekend after all.

SIR RONALD reached Rearston Hall just after midday and stirred his servants—mostly very old—to unprecedented activity in order that the place should be ready for his guests the next day. The following morning, however, he was standing by the fireplace in the hall, obviously very worried.

He looked more like a country gentleman than a member of the Diplomatic Service, but in either capacity was an excellent specimen of his class. The traces of worry automatically left his face as Crossley, the old butler, announced the police inspector.

"Glad you could get along, Inspector," Sir Ronald said. "It's a long time since we've had a burglary here. This is how Crossley found the safe this morning. It's a very old one, but I did think that it would put up a better fight than that." He glanced as he was speaking at the open door of a safe which had been built into the panelled wall.

The inspector contemplated it gravely.

"No force used at all," he said.

"No. The lock was picked or in some way they had obtained a duplicate key."

"It's a professional job, sir."

"So I imagined."

"Have you a list of the missing articles, sir?"

"There's only one thing missing—an emerald necklace known as 'The Rearston Luck'."

"Valuable, sir?"

"Yes. It was insured for three thousand. Fortunately only yesterday afternoon I sent off several other pieces of jewellery to Poland's in Bond Street, as I wanted them reset."

"The safe was locked last night, sir?"

"I locked it myself," said Sir Ronald. "And put the key in its usual place in my study. It is still there."

"I'd better get in touch with the Yard," the inspector said. "Have you a description of the necklace, sir?"

"Yes. It was illustrated some time ago in one of the art magazines. There's a copy in my study you can have."

THE Canadian girl was fascinated by the old house, by its lovely fireplaces and windows and the incredibly graceful staircase.

"I've been tempted to sell it," Rearston said. "But now that I've met you, Sophie, I'm glad I didn't."

"You *couldn't* sell it!" she cried.

"So far, it's been merely an expense. I haven't lived here much at all. And I've no near relations."

"Isn't it maddening about the Rearston Luck!" she said.

"Maddening," he agreed. "Of course, as a modernist, I don't believe a word about its being anything but just a pleasant old trinket."

"I wonder!" said Sophie.

"My dear!" he protested. "You—a modern Canadian——."

"I know all about that, Ronny. But after all, this part

Luck

By Holloway Horn

SOPHIE was talking to a man whom Rearston knew slightly—Wilmer Hancock—and the three of them travelled to Victoria together

of England is full of traditions and legends. I've heard my grandfather talk about them. I'd heard of the Rearston Luck long before I ever heard of you, or dreamed that one day I should come back to Rearston. That's what made me so interested when you first spoke about it."

"I've had a chat with the vicar about your family, Sophie. There isn't a Woolland left now in Rearston—your grandfather was the last of them—but they go back in the parish records as far as my own family. Most of them were wheelwrights or blacksmiths."

"That's why they make cars now, I suppose," she smiled. "But after finding all this out, surely you're not surprised that I'm upset about the Luck?"

"In a way, Sophie, I'm glad you are."

A successful, effortless week-end and the morning after Sophie returned to town she ran into Wilmer Hancock in Bond Street.

"I was sorry to read about Sir Ronald's loss," he said.

"*My* loss," she corrected him. "He is having some other jewellery reset for me, but the necklace was not going to be altered. The women of his family have worn it for generations."

"Bad luck! It's insured, of course?"

"Yes. But it cannot be replaced. I've seen pictures of it. It's adorable, but now I shall never wear it!"

"And emeralds are your stones, with that dark hair of yours," he said quietly.

"Ronny says he'll do his best to get a duplicate made, but the emeralds were lovely in their quaint old setting. He's more upset about it than he admits, as you can imagine."

"From the account I read, the safe at Rearston Hall was more like a sardine tin than a real safe. Antiques are all very well, Sophie, but in some things modern ideas are the best. You're more upset yourself about it than you say," he added with a smile.

She nodded: "The Rearston Luck," she said, almost to herself.

IT was perhaps ten minutes' walk from Bond Street to Laurie's Club, but one was in a different world. In its way, it was rather an exclusive establishment. Its members were well-dressed and most of them gave an impression of solid respectability. Here and there, however, a wrong note was struck—a trace of flashiness perhaps—but the modern crook, operating on a big scale, usually possesses the superficial attributes of a gentleman. The three men sitting at the small table by the stairs, for example, certainly did.

"Have you heard the Artist is back?" one asked.

"No! You're sure?"

"Yep. You watch: things'll wake up."

"I'd like to meet him," one of the others said.

"So'd a lot of people. Particularly the splits. But he seems to pull off a job and just fade out. You'd have thought he'd have been in here if he's in London."

"Probably has," the third man said. "Might be here now," he went on as he glanced round the room.

"I heard a whisper that he'd got a scar on his cheek."

"So've I, if it comes to that," said the first speaker. "D'you think he pulled this Rearston affair?" I rather wondered."

"No. It would be chicken-feed to him. That was Buck Saunders. Bill Hawkes is planting the necklace for him."

"Then it's a safe bet where it is now if Bill had anything to do with it—Silas Ahrenstein."

"And he'll get most of the profits as usual—blast him!"

THE office of Silas Ahrenstein, dealer in precious stones, was a very ordinary place excepting for the large and powerful-looking safe which dominated it. Ahrenstein himself was sitting at his desk examining with a magnifying glass one after another of a small heap of stones. Outwardly, he was prosperous and respectable, but there was a furtiveness about him. . . . (*Continued on page* 66)

KARL watched in silent consternation as Ahrenstein in increasing dismay examined several other rifled drawers

(Left.) Antique gilt convex mirror with two triple candelabra used above a mahogany chiffonier.

(Below.) A modern mirror of peach-painted wrought-iron with two candle sconces.

CANDLE-POWER

Since candlelight made its appearance again during last winter's fuel cuts, the beauty of this ancient form of illumination has come home with a fresh emphasis. The magic of candlelight—when it is not forced upon us by grave necessity—is something the modern decorative scheme has overlooked. Whether or not the "situation" demands its continued use, it is worth studying for its charm and for its adaptability to any decor, whether modern or traditional.

Our pictures, taken at Heal's Exhibition of Candlelight, are proof of its effectiveness. Silver, crystal, brass and pewter as well as fine pottery make their contributions to designs among which there is something for every taste and every type of scheme.

(Above.) Hand-painted pottery candlesticks make an exquisite decoration for the table.

(Right.) A dinner-table with silver and crystal candlesticks uniting their brilliance with a polished table surface.

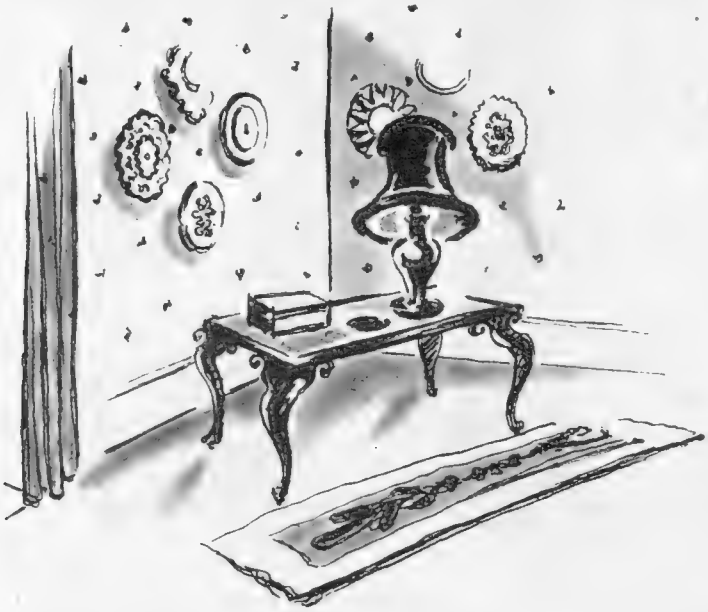
A Little

IN a world of shortages, the assurance that simplicity is still the essence of good taste smacks somewhat of Job's comfort. All the same, it *is* a fact, and one from which people harassed with current furnishing problems may well take comfort.

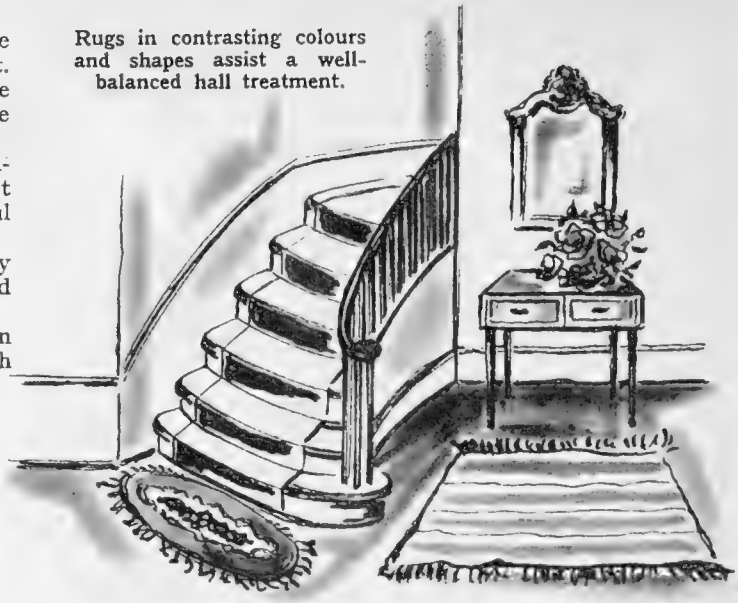
There is a snag, of course, because simplicity is easily confused with austerity—abominable word—and at its elegant best simplicity in a scheme of decoration requires as much careful thought as an elaborate one.

So what is the answer? How with few furnishings and very little decorative detail can one translate the bleak, unfurnished look into distinguished simplicity?

Primarily, by the careful use of colour to arrest attention where it is most required; the selection of textures which merge with their surroundings, and—most important of all—by the balanced distribution of furniture.



China plates grouped around a table and lamp furnish the corner of a room.



Rugs in contrasting colours and shapes assist a well-balanced hall treatment.

In painting a picture an artist's first preoccupation after the choice of a subject is the composition of his picture. That is, the harmonious arrangement of forms within the limits of the canvas. The same principles should apply in devising a furnishing lay-out. Taking the architectural limits of the room as the canvas, one proceeds to compose the picture.

I am assuming, of course, that we begin from scratch. That we are selecting furnishings with rooms of given proportions in view.

It is at this early stage where many schemes fall down. When buying furniture each piece should, whenever practicable, be chosen with consideration for the general proportions of the room in which it is to be displayed. Thus, and only thus, can the balanced composition of your picture be ensured. Whenever

Furniture Goes Far...

Pastel-grey walls are used as background for curtains of rich rust. Rugs of plain carpet felt are in rust and royal blue. The chair seats are royal-blue felt and the easy chair is covered with bright yellow furnishing felt.

possible, fit the furniture to the rooms, not the rooms to the furniture.

Tables and chairs, beds and bookcases are of fairly standard dimensions, so in composing a lay-out, it is essential to employ colours, fabrics and decorative ornamentation to give an effect of height and width where it is needed, and to bring the upper and unfurnished part of the room into the picture.

In a room which has only few pieces of furniture, fabrics have a specially important part to play. Soft textures are warmer than "hard" ones. In a sparsely furnished room a shiny rayon, luxurious enough in other circumstances, tends to emphasise the coldness of the room, whereas a matt texture, having more bulk, helps to correct any tendency to bleakness.

A few pieces of well-proportioned furniture go a long way in a visual sense if the background upon which they appear is adequately filled. Bare expanses of wall and floor space should be avoided, but the need to "fill" the background in no sense implies the need to clutter it with detail. This is where colour can help.

Plain-coloured walls with doors and woodwork of a matching shade are helpful in creating an illusion of space in a small room. On the other hand, they do increase the impressions of emptiness in a sparsely furnished room unless the colours and textures chosen are warm. For this reason a papered wall is preferable, and if the paper has a neat self-colour design, so much the better. A delicate colour contrast between the walls and woodwork helps to "fill" the background.

When rugs are used instead of a carpet, it is advisable to vary the colours as well as the shapes. The illustration of a hall at the top of the facing page shows how shaped rugs, well balanced in proportion with their surroundings, assist the composition of a scheme.

Arresting but restful colours work miracles where hard furnishing is sparse. A clever mingling of several colours is effective in a very simple scheme. If the room is spacious, three or more colours can be used generously, but if the room is small, contrast colours, though strong, should be confined to sharp accents.

Pictures should be chosen as carefully for size and proportions as for their artistic merit. A set of pictures charmingly grouped bring a wide expanse of wall into unison with the scheme. A large picture or a mirror gives height above a low fireplace, as in the sitting-room above.

WINIFRED LEWIS.

(Left.) Arresting colours and well-balanced proportions make this simple bedroom scheme effective. Three walls are coloured French grey; the fourth wall behind the bed is cyclamen to contrast with the attractive Vantona bed-cover of blue-green with a design of sea-shells. The bed-head is painted on the wall and outlined with wood moulding, and the renovated Victorian armchair is covered with saffron-yellow felt.

NO FROZEN PIPES

FROZEN cold-water tanks, with all the serious consequences and inconveniences that a freeze-up involves, can be avoided by the installation of a simple and inexpensive gadget which has just come on to the market.

This Frost Protector, which can be installed in almost every type of mains water system, works independently of gas and electricity, so is an economical as well as a practical investment. A local plumber could supply and fit the appliance for a cost of about £3 and, once it has been installed, no further maintenance is required.

The Frost Protector is installed inside the cold-water tank and operates automatically by changes in the temperature of the water. When the water temperature falls to a few degrees above freezing-point, a valve is opened and sufficient warm water from the hot-water system enters the tank to prevent freezing. When the temperature of the water in the tank is raised to a safe level, the valve is closed and further circulation ceases.

If you would like further details of this appliance, write to The Editor, Women's Section, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1., enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope.

Spotlighting The Yoke

MATERIALS : 6 ozs. of Target "Beacon" 3-ply in grey ; 3 ozs. of Target "Beacon" 3-ply in coral ; one pair each of No. 12 and No. 10 needles ; 3 buttons and No. 12 crochet hook.

MEASUREMENTS : From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 20 ins. ; across the back and front underarms, 17 ins. ; under sleeve seams, 6 ins.

TENSION : 9 sts. to 1 in.

THE FRONT

With grey wool and No. 12 needles cast on 100 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 3 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and the following :

Knit one row grey.

1st row.—Purl grey.

2nd row.—Knit grey.

3rd row.—P. 2 grey, *1 coral, 3 grey. Repeat from * to last 3 sts. 1 coral, 2 grey.

4th row.—Knit grey.

5th row.—Purl grey.

6th row.—1 coral, * 3 grey, 1 coral. Repeat from * to end.

These 6 rows form pattern.

Continue for 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 6th row following until 120 sts. and work measures 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, k. 2 each end of every row until 90 sts. remain (ending on the last of pattern).

Knit in garter st. for 4 rows in grey. Now reverse colour wool.

Coral instead of grey and grey instead of coral. (Thus : First row will be *coral.*)

Continue until armhole measures 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Work 40 sts., cast off 10 sts., work 40 sts.

Work on the last set of 40 sts. for 2 ins., at the same time dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every neck-edge row until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole-end rows. Return to the first set of 40 sts. Join wool at the neck edge and work to correspond with the last set of 40 sts. (*Continued on page 62*)

Featuring Sleeves

MATERIALS: 5 ozs. of Copley's 3-ply "Excelsior" Fingering in navy ; 2 ozs. of Copley's 3-ply "Excelsior" Fingering in white ; one pair each of No. 12 and No. 10 knitting needles ; 2 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS : From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 22 ins. ; across the back and front underarms, 17½ ins. ; underarm of sleeve seams, 6 ins.

TENSION : 9 sts. to 1 in.

The garment is worked in stocking st. (1 row k., 1 row p.). Change to coloured wool with a knit row.

THE BACK

With navy wool and No. 12 needles cast on 110 sts. Rib 4 rows, k. 1, p. 1. Work 4 ins. stocking st. Continue in stocking st., dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 100 sts. Change to No. 10 needles and continue on these 100 sts. until work measures 7 ins. from the cast-on edge. Now work in the following stripes. * * Change to white wool (with a knit row), work 8 rows. Change to navy wool, work 24 rows. * * Continue in these stripes from * * to * *, increasing 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 120 sts. and work measures 14 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows (96 sts.). Continue in stocking st. and stripes without further shaping for 2 ins. Divide sts. for back opening. Work 48 sts. (place the remaining 48 sts. on a spare needle). Work on the first 48 sts. until armhole measures 7 ins. Change to white wool. Work 1 in. (*Continued on page 62*)

ABBREVIATIONS : *k. = knit ; p. = purl ; st. = stitch ; sts. = stitches ; dec. = decrease ; inc. = increase ; beg. = beginning ; tog. = together.*

To Wear Under A Topcoat

For further details of these clothes write to The Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

(Top.) Wolsey's charming wool jersey dress follows the new line with its pinched waist and large pockets giving fullness at the hips. The back buttons through from neck to hem. In ice blue and other colours. Utility. Price, 63s. 1d. (Right.) A Linzi model in soft wool, with a wide skirt and tucked midriff. Utility. Price, 61s. 8d.

(Top, right.) Harella's classic suit in hopsack has the new rounder shoulders. Price £22-0-0. (Right.) Windsmoor's Utility skirt, one of the season's good buys at 34s. 9d. in a variety of tweed mixtures. The Bernella blouse is a linen-type rayon heavily tucked.

IS THERE A CAREER

The photogenic ideal is an oval or heart-shaped face, with firmly modelled but delicate features and large, expressive eyes.

The sophisticated loveliness of Miki Hood, one of the most successful and highly-paid models of to-day, expresses the photographer's dream of poise and grace.

LIKE boys who want to be engine-drivers and secretly retain the ambition long after they are prepared to confess to it, there are girls who never quite grow out of the conviction that there is a career in their features if only . . .

What does it take to be a successful photographic model or to get on the films—in other words, to be a professional beauty?

To the uninitiated it may appear that beauty and grace are enough. As a photographer I know this to be a fallacy. The camera may not lie, but it tells some pretty barefaced fibs. In the course of my work I interview aspiring models almost every day. Some of them are beautiful; many of them have charm, but few of them are acceptable photogenically.

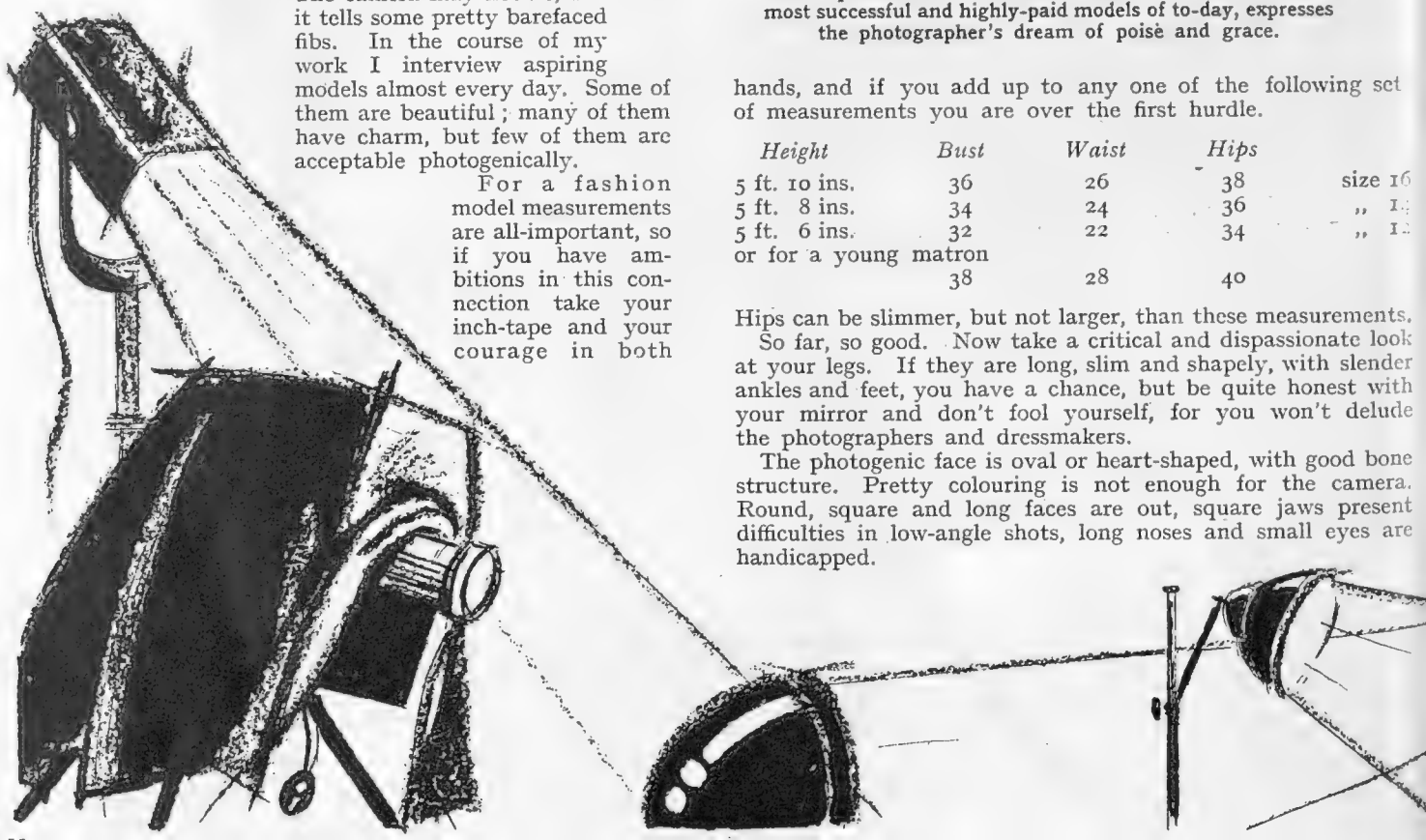
For a fashion model measurements are all-important, so if you have ambitions in this connection take your inch-tape and your courage in both hands, and if you add up to any one of the following set of measurements you are over the first hurdle.

Height	*Bust*	*Waist*	*Hips*	
5 ft. 10 ins.	36	26	38	size 16
5 ft. 8 ins.	34	24	36	,, 14
5 ft. 6 ins.	32	22	34	,, 12
or for a young matron				
	38	28	40	

Hips can be slimmer, but not larger, than these measurements.

So far, so good. Now take a critical and dispassionate look at your legs. If they are long, slim and shapely, with slender ankles and feet, you have a chance, but be quite honest with your mirror and don't fool yourself, for you won't delude the photographers and dressmakers.

The photogenic face is oval or heart-shaped, with good bone structure. Pretty colouring is not enough for the camera. Round, square and long faces are out, square jaws present difficulties in low-angle shots, long noses and small eyes are handicapped.



IN YOUR FEATURES?

Joan Craven, Fashion Photographer, Assesses the Qualities which make for Success before the Camera.

Beatrice Campbell, Associated British Pictures discovery, has the gay and youthful type of blonde beauty which lights up well for the camera.

You may feel you have little to learn; you walk and move gracefully, know what to do with your hands, but, believe me, you will still have plenty to learn, and neither photographer nor fashion houses have time to bother with untrained models. It is not enough to be beautiful.

It is possible, of course, to become a photographer's model if you have just one outstanding good point. With a plain face and perfect legs you can pose for stocking pictures. A really lovely face or exquisite hands will bring in a certain amount of work. This is a way to earn a little pin-money, but not enough to live on.

A model's life is not just a matter of wearing lovely clothes with effortless ease and a smile. That happy smile has to be held and still look gay and spontaneous while the spotlight burns the back of your neck, while cramps seize your leg, or you are dying to sneeze. In high summer she will probably be modelling fur coats, or thick tweeds for the export fashion magazines, and when the cold, cold snow is on the ground she will be posing in cool frocks, even sun-suits. She needs a strong constitution, believe me.

In film work much the same factors apply, only more so. In this case again beauty alone is not enough. The photogenic face is not always the one which conforms to conventional standards. The aspiring film-star must have a relentless capacity for hard work and the toughest resistance to disappointment. Competition in the film studios is formidable—beauty is a commonplace. I say this with confidence, dispiriting as it may sound, that if you have what it takes nothing will put you off, so good luck and good shooting.

Perfect carriage with the ability to show off the selling points of a dress must combine with the ability to be motionless and yet relaxed before a camera.

If you decide that you add up to a perfect model and are not self-conscious, go to a fashion studio and ask them to tell you quite frankly what chance you have. You may be hurt and disappointed by the reply, but it is better this way than to waste money and many weary months on a dispiriting trail round the showrooms and studios, where you will be fobbed off with, "We'll let you know if anything turns up."

If you get a good report, it is worth while, and only then, to enrol at a reputable model agency and to take lessons in deportment, make-up, and learn about clothes and how to wear them.

(Left.) A strip of dark leather or strong 1-in. tape sewn against the edge of the trouser turn-ups will prevent fraying. If this is done when the trousers are new, the turn-ups will remain in good condition.

(Below.) Suits should be thoroughly brushed once a week. Cold coffee brushed briskly into dark fabrics will remove stains and brighten them considerably.

Be Your Husband's Valet

Most women to-day find themselves pressed into valet service for the man of the house. Long life and good appearances for a man's clothes depend upon *regular* attention.

The first step is to keep clothes-brushes meticulously clean, and to remove dust and spots before they have time to set.

At the weekly brushing go carefully into turn-ups, under lapels and cuffs. A slightly dampened clothes-brush is more effective on a soft fabric with a nap.

When removing stains with spirit, lay a piece of flannel or blotting paper under the cloth. Use the spirit sparingly and work in a ring from the *outside* of the stain inwards, especially on lighter-coloured fabrics, otherwise the stain is apt to spread and leave a ring. Tailors advise putting on the cleaner with fabric the same colour as that upon which you are working. Oddly enough, it works.

A solution of ammonia and water helps to reduce shine. In all pressing operations use flannel or a thick fabric as a damping cloth, and work quickly with a hot iron.

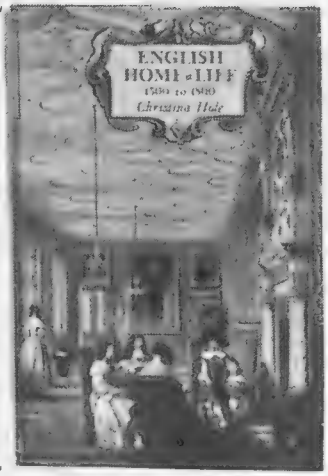
(Above.) Leather hat headbands can be cleaned by sponging quickly with a little methylated spirits.

(Left.) Ties can be washed successfully at home in warm soapy water to which two teaspoonfuls of ammonia have been added. After rinsing well, roll up the tie to preserve the shape while drying. When nearly dry, iron under tissue paper.

Home, Sweet Home

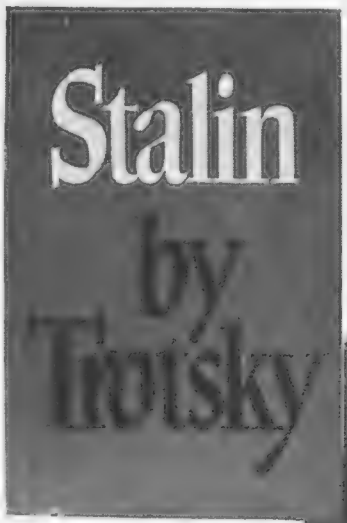
'TIS a fascinating story—the evolution of Home, Sweet Home from primitive hut to steam-heated mansion. The Tudor fireside was an open central hearth with but a hole in the roof to draw off the smoke. When grates and firebacks came in both they and windows were long regarded as personal property distinct from the rest of the house, and often listed separately in wills. In the fifteenth century departing tenants might carry off the windows with the furniture; the Parson of Oxnede, in the Paston Letters, removed both windows and doors on leaving his rectory; bequeathing windows as separate items continued even in Charles I's reign, though Henry VIII's judges ruled that they were part of the house and should not be removed.

There is abundance of even stranger lore in Miss Christina Hole's **"English Home-Life: 1500 to 1800"** (Batsford, 15s.) whose lavish illustrations include handsome colour plates. Richly informative, concisely written, it goes outside the home to tell us much about social life.



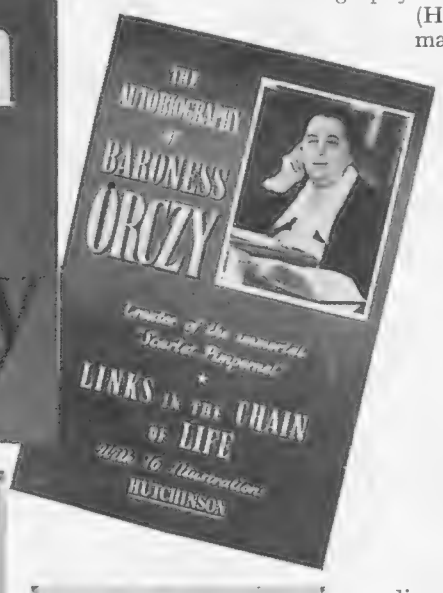
Books: *Reviewed by Trevor Allen*

WHETHER or not the gods love revolutionaries, in Russia at least they seem to die young. One fact disclosed by Leon Trotsky's **"Stalin"** (Hollis & Carter, 25s.) is that of the thirty-one members and alternates of the October Central Committee of thirty years ago most have perished in purges; only two—Stalin and Kollontai—survive to-day. Trotsky, himself a purge exile, was pickaxed in the head in 1940 by an assassin who had brought him an MS. to read. He had finished two-thirds of this book, which has been completed from notes, etc., by the editor and translator, Mr. Charles Malamuth. Stalin, Trotsky contends, came to power not with the aid of personal qualities, but of an impersonal machine; our epoch is one of lies, and not in human history could anything be found remotely resembling "the gigantic factory of lies which was organized by the Kremlin." A sinister, sometimes satanic figure emerges from Trotsky's avowed attempts at truth, but obviously he would be prejudiced even were he devil's advocate instead of executioner. Vivid, absorbing, sensational, we may say, of this portrait of both man and revolution, but how much of it is fact?

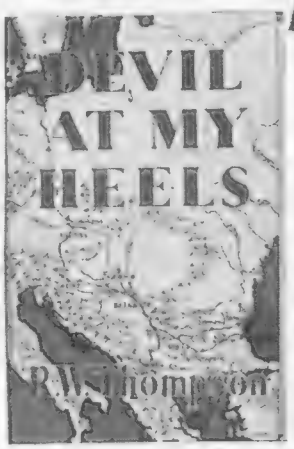


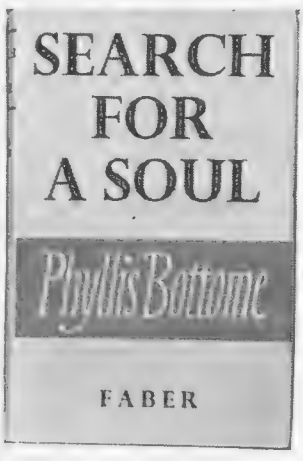
THE probing is at any rate unbiased and scientific in Dr. Douglas M. Kelley's "22 Cells in Nuremberg" (W. H. Allen, 9s. 6d.). As official psychiatrist he spent, with his staff, five months examining and testing the Nazi war criminals, and in this "case book" lays bare their political and personal souls under expert diagnosis. Fundamentally, they were not extraordinary men, but creatures of their environment, and —to a greater degree than most—the makers of it. Their type still exists in many countries under various guises, so we are forewarned by inside knowledge of it. A valuable supplement to Mr. R. W. Cooper's "Penguin," *The Nuremberg Trial.*

WHAT a sunny world, by contrast, was Baroness Orczy's with its cosmopolitan travel, warm friendships and villa at Monaco! Although Paris inspired the *Scarlet Pimpernel,* the Inner Circle on a foggy day first showed her Sir Percy Blakeney to the life. "I saw him in his exquisite clothes, his slender hands holding up his spy-glass? I heard his lazy drawling speech, his quaint laugh," she writes of the vision evoked by a fellow passenger? ". . . . it was the whole life story of the Scarlet Pimpernel that was there and then revealed to me." But the book was refused by twelve publishers, the play slammed and all but killed by the critics. Her autobiography **"Links in the Chain of Life"** (Hutchinson, 18s.) is no literary masterpiece, but natural, unpretentious, forthright, human: the kind I like.

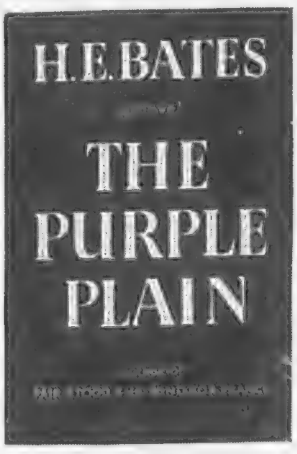


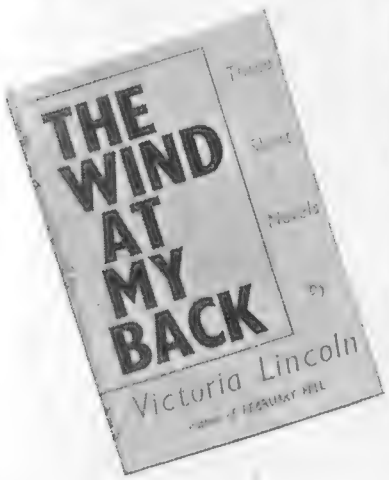
INNER spiritual growth and the intricacies of family relationships are Miss Phyllis Bottome's concern in the story of her life up to eighteen: **"Search for a Soul"** (Faber, 10s. 6d.). As one of five daughters she regards large families as a magnificent training for the individual. As the child of a U.S. clergyman who also held livings in England she sampled life both sides of the Atlantic, and gives a sensitive picture of both. Such a study may be, as she submits, "written without glamour" and not in the ordinary sense "entertaining," but its sober beauty and intuitive understanding will commend it to all who like intimate family chronicles.





THE Balkans which I once knew are still the Balkans, I gather from Mr. R. W. Thompson's account of a 1946 journey from Tromso, North Norway, to the Black Sea. In Macedonia, for example, he encountered a narrow-gauge train running to no time-table, with passengers and crew sleeping on a bank under the shade of trees. He also encountered tyrannies that shocked his love of democratic freedom. **"Devil at My Heels"** (MacDonald, 12s. 6d.) is mainly, however, a kaleidoscopic travelogue of peoples and scenes, written with a zest for the unusual.





MISS NANCY PRICE'S particular zest is for birds, apart from the theatre. She'll go to Ireland's west coast to study the raven, note nearer home that a mother wren makes 1,218 journeys a day to feed her brood, a robin will eat fourteen feet of worm a day, a pair of barn owls account for 10,000 mice in a year. **"Wonder of Wings"** (Gollancz, 14s.) is all about her chirpy friends, with close-up photographs.

THERE is much natural—and unnatural—history, too, in Dr. J. P. Lockhart-Mummery's essays, **"Nothing New Under the Sun"** (Melrose, 12s. 6d.), in which he focuses a surgeon's mind on problems of life and science. His range, is universal; always he is stimulating, revealing. *(Continued on page 68)*

In Search of Glamour

A FRIEND of mine confided to me the other day that she feared she was about to have a mental breakdown, and when I asked her why she thought so, she said: "A most horrible thing happened to me a few nights ago. I gave a small party and by the end of the evening I was so tired that I found myself telling the ugly truth to all my guests. I had somehow forgotten how to tell polite lies and now I have probably lost at least twelve good friends." She paused for a moment and asked anxiously: "Tell me the truth. How do you think I look?" I gave her a civil answer and refrained from saying that I only give my honest opinion about good looks when I am writing for the women I have never seen.

Jane Gordon

HAIRDRESSERS of to-day are artists in their own way, and it is a pity that the customer so often provides such inferior hair for them to work on. Women have become far too careless with their hair. They rely too much on a permanent waving machine and their hairdresser, and too little on the hairbrush. The manufactured shampoos, brightening rinses and tone rinses make life too easy. These labour-saving beauty aids often defeat their own ends. The truth of the matter is this—that the good old-fashioned "hundred strokes a day" with the hairbrush is still the best foundation for hair treatment in the world. All children should be taught to brush their hair at the same age as they are taught to brush their teeth, and night and morning hair brushing should be as regular a part of the toilet as night and morning teeth brushing. Women have grown afraid of the hairbrush, because they think it upsets a good permanent wave. As a matter of fact, the brushing does the wave more good than harm. One of the best brushes is the Kent "Allure." The hair should be brushed in all directions from the centre parting down towards the ears; down towards the back of the neck and then from the hairline up to the crown. Combs should be made in composition or plastic, but never of metal, and the prongs should always be blunted to avoid scratching the scalp. The best plan is to keep a working whalebone brush for scalp treatment and a fine bristle nylon brush to polish the hair when it has been smoothed into place. The advantage of brushing is that it stimulates the supply of blood to the scalp, encourages the little sebaceous glands to do their work and smoothes the natural oil of these little glands along the shaft of the hair. Properly brushed hair should never require brilliantine.

Women who have allowed their hair to get out of condition to such an extent that it comes out in handfuls on the brush, should massage the scalp instead of brushing the hair. Massage with the finger tips until the scalp is movable. Nothing encourages thinning, falling, and grey hair more than a "tight scalp."

IT is vitally important to the hair that you choose the right kind of shampoo. Many shampoos are made for the simple purpose of keeping the hair clean. There are, however, definite shampoo treatments which are well worth knowing about. The first is Steiner's S.3 shampoo cream, for which it is claimed that it does actually recondition the hair and scalp. The cream is first of all applied on a dry scalp. The hair is parted down the centre and the cream rubbed all along the parting with the finger tips. The next parting is made half an inch away and the cream rubbed in again. This is continued until the cream has been well massaged into partings all over the scalp. Only then do you damp the hair and work up a good lather with warm water. Rinse thoroughly and give the hair a second lather as in an ordinary shampoo. The second lather will come up very foamy and is rinsed off with several clear rinsing waters. Men or women suffering from dandruff should use this shampoo once a week until the dandruff is cleared up.

There are two famous American shampoo and scalp treatments given in London—one at Francis Fox Institute and the other by the Harper method. The Francis Fox shampoo begins with a thorough scalp massage, which includes their special ointment. The hair is then shampooed with special soap, a small sponge being used. The rinse includes herb water that looks like weak tea. Several herb rinses are given and the hair is dried with warm towels. More ointment is applied if necessary. The Harper treatment starts by a thorough combing with a small tooth-comb, to loosen any trace of dandruff. Then a long-handled brush is (*Continued on page* 64)

Food Fads Are Not Fatal

IS yours the finicky child who harasses you because he is *never* hungry, or the one who seems to have swallowed a wolf and is looking round for more? New comfort awaits the mother of either type from the work of Dr. E. M. Widdowson, whose *Study of Individual Children's Diets* has recently been published.

Dr. Widdowson investigated the diets of over one thousand children between one and eighteen years in different parts of the country, the majority living at home in comfortable conditions. The meals of each child were weighed and measured for a week and the chemical content analysed. The height and weight of the children was also taken. The data took four years to collect, table and compare, and the yield of detailed information is positively awe-inspiring. But by far the most dramatic revelation was the extent to which the food intake of children of the same age, sex and weight can vary whilst yet maintaining normal health and growth in each case. That is to say one child may eat only half as much as another, and still keep up in development with his opposite number of the hearty appetite.

Some of us may have already suspected that this is so. Nevertheless the report is comforting, for it means in practice that left to the guidance of appetite and a reasonable variation of menu, children will not starve themselves, or even seriously over-eat. By the way, this experiment was conducted before the war when there were no food restrictions.

Mothers will be interested to sift out the more practical findings from the report, such as, for instance that boys show a definite disposition to eat more than girls from the age of three, or that whereas the consumption of bread, meat, potatoes and sugar increased until children were fifteen, biscuits, fruit and green vegetables were eaten in similar amounts at all ages.

Dr. Widdowson's research tends to confirm the findings of an earlier American experiment when a number of newly weaned children were allowed to eat meals of their own choosing. No one urged them to eat from the dishes available to them, and help was only given when the baby touched the dish or showed clearly in some other way that he wanted to try it. Food on the tray included meat, vegetables, fruit and puddings. None of the babies was ill, or undernourished as a result of the experiment.

So once again mothers of the finicky feeders can take comfort. To-day doctors are already beginning to question whether it is not better that even babies should feed on what is called "the self demand" basis, which means when they seem hungry, rather than by the clock.

But Dr. Widdowson's report nevertheless ends with a question mark, for so far there seems no real explanation of these very large variations in food intake in individual children. The same thing persists even among adults, for though, in general, hard physical work makes for larger food requirements, individuals disprove the claim when a white-collared worker steadily eats more than his labouring opposite number. Dr. Widdowson feels that "an average intake, however valuable statistically, should never be used to assess an individual's requirements."

One of Dr. Widdowson's suggestions for the variation in intake is that some people are more economic machines than others, using their fuel as it were, to more purpose; two people will expend different amounts of energy, nervous or muscular, in performing the same piece of work. Parents might feel, too, that children's appetites fluctuate just before or even after a spurt of growth. But one more possible explanation seems linked with the findings of Anna Freud. In her studies of young children in war nurseries she soon realized that from the beginning mother stood for food! A child who rejects food may be rejecting the mother for some reason. Perhaps because mother seems over-demanding in some directions. Or maybe feelings of mother rejection arise over a new baby brother or sister. If mother keeps friendly and gradually disassociates herself from the idea of food, the situation tends to resolve itself the sooner.

LEN CHALONER

Two-Faced Woman

MOST of us aim to be two-faced in the nicest sense of the term. That is by making the face Nature gave us into the face we most wish to have.

Make-up skilfully used has a remarkable power to enchance the most pleasing features and to camouflage those we should rather be without. But the use of make-up *is* an art, and it must be carefully studied unless the face you put on in the morning is to be merely a masque, artificial and unconvincing, rather than a rounding off of the job which Nature has done.

If you are not sufficiently skilled in the use of make-up to accentuate your own best features by its use, do be advised to take some professional advice. It is a small outlay which continues to pay dividends so long as you continue to use cosmetics. There are many beauty salons throughout the country where one can take lessons in make-up at a reasonable cost. You cannot do better than to take one of them.

Apart from the need to master the basic principles of make-up, it *is* difficult to see ourselves as others see us. Skins differ so widely and so subtly in colour and texture that only an expert can give sound advice as to what type and shade of cream, powder and rouge are best for your individual use.

Moreover, the skin may be out of condition and in need of a few professional treatments before you can begin making up to the best advantage. This is often the case where nourishing creams have not been used to produce the suppleness and delicacy of texture which makes the best base for cosmetics.

The success of every good make-up depends largely upon its foundation. Choose, under professional guidance if need be, a foundation cream or lotion, very slightly darker than your own skin. Except for the very young, lighter tones are apt to be ageing and magnify defects. This foundation should be applied sparingly and smoothly, and a little more heavily on the nose, especially if it is prominent. Rouge is only rarely applied to redden. Its primary use is to enhance the facial contours.

To make the face appear fuller, apply rouge *away* from the nose towards the hairline.

A slimmer look can be had by applying rouge near to the nose—between cheekbone and nose.

Rouge blended carefully and smoothly up to and under the eyes will brighten them and disguise dark shadows. A touch on the chin will shorten a long face. A little pencil work perfects the natural arch of the eyebrows, but it should be used *very* sparingly. Brows should be brushed straight up with a tiny brush to increase growth. Follow their line with a finely-pointed cosmetic pencil and extend them slightly at the outer edges, if they stop short of the perfect natural shape.

For evening wear—but only for artificial light, apply a very little eye-shadow in the centre of the lids and smooth lightly to the outer corners.

Thin lips can be made to appear fuller by applying the colour slightly beyond the natural line. On full lips keep the colour *within* the natural line.

And now powder. Keep several boxes of powder in different shades, and use and mix them all at will. Many women successfully use two shades, darker on the nose, chin and brow and lighter on cheeks. Regard powder as a lovely, flattering veil which enhances even the best skin.

Nourishing

SKINS need nourishment in winter to prevent harshness which rejects a smooth make-up. Creams supply those oils which gradually diminish with youth, and give back that smoothness and suppleness which are essential for a peach-like bloom.

A nourishing cream of one kind or another should be used every night and worked into the face and throat with caressing *upward* strokes. If the skin is in need of nourishment it will absorb the cream almost at once. Economize by spooning out the cream with one of the old bone egg-spoons or a teaspoon. Work it into

Start your morning exercises with this routine. Stand with legs apart and drop the arms to the floor, relaxing the body like a rag doll. Tense the muscles, lift the body and drop the head and arms backwards, slightly bending the knees for balance. Repeat rapidly a dozen times

Resistance Movement

FEBRUARY Fill-Dyke is a danger month for infections. It is the time to start a personal resistance movement against the minor ailments which add so much to the general discomfort of winter's dreariest month. Having tuned up to concert pitch for Christmas and New Year festivities one is left with a feeling of flatness, and a depressing consciousness of the long road to summer. All the more reason to watch out, for when spirits are low infection is lurking round the corner.

A first step is to build up against colds. In times of deficiency in diet and sunshine colds are more easily contracted and less easily got rid of. The shortage of fat in our diet is partially responsible for low resistance to illness. Most of us realize this, but not all of us realize that this deficiency can very easily be made up.

Cod liver oil has a vitamin content which is claimed to be superior to that of butter. Doctors say that it is 99 per cent digestible, where butter is only 75 to 80 per per cent so. Containing as it does such a rich content of vitamins A and D, it not only builds up resistance to infection but is a powerful beautifying agent.

These "beauty vitamins" as A and D are frequently called, are the perfect antidote to the troubles which afflict so many women now. I refer to dry skin, impoverished hair and the general lack of vitality which reduces beauty to a minimum.

Good for reducing tummy and hips. With crossed legs, using the hands for support, stretch the legs high in the air and return to the sitting position with legs crossed the reverse way. Repeat in rapid succession

Prejudice is strong against cod liver oil because of the taste. It *is* a fact, however, that the highly-refined oil of today is practically flavourless. If you can swallow your prejudice *and* your cod liver oil, I can promise you a new sparke of health and beauty.

ANOTHER step in the resistance movement is to keep the nose and mouth healthy. These are breeding grounds for germs and their hygiene should not be neglected. Gargle every day with a mild disinfectant, or use a throat spray if you are not a good gargler. A nasal atomizer should be used if you have to travel in crowded trains or whenever you are obliged to mix with crowds in an overheated atmosphere. Use a mild solution of disinfectant, and don't overdo it. Even the excellent properties of a good disinfectant are minimized by overdosing.

IF you develop a cold in spite of all precautions, go to bed for a day, with plenty of water to drink and a light diet. This is quickest route to recovery and far kinder to your friends than spreading the infection.

A healthy circulation is a vitally important factor in keeping healthy. That is why daily exercises are an essential part of the winter health routine. A few minutes' morning exercise, combined with deep breathing, sets the blood circulating strongly, nourishing and vitalizing every part of the body. Exercises are an aid to digestion and to warmth. A few good ones are demonstrated in the pictures on these pages. Include them in your resistance movement plans. They are simple, quick and effective.

Follow the first routine with this one. With legs apart and holding the diaphragm in, touch the right foot with the left-hand Raise to a standing posture and drop again to touch the left foot with the right hand. Repeat in a swinging rhythm

Creams . . .

the palm of one hand and apply with the other, then massage with both hands.

For extra dry skins (our diet makes this a common affliction just now) I recommend Dathos by Pomeroy, or Elizabeth Arden's Orange Skin Food. The really sensitive skin will respond to Cyclax Baby Skinfood, so pleasant to use and excellent for even very young girls. Then there is an excellent reconditioning skin cream made by Gala in their Junior range. These preparations are obtainable from most good shops, and whichever your choice, give your skin a chance by using it regularly.

Meals Which Cook Themselves

RAINBOW PUDDING

MANY of us are at war with the problem of having to go out for long periods and then to concoct a meal in a short time on returning. This was easy when there was a variety of things to choose from like chops and steaks. But even if these dishes were more often available, one looks for a change, and meals which can be left to prepare themselves solve many problems. There are, in fact, many steamed puddings and some oven dishes which can simmer peacefully for a long time and are none the worse if you are away longer than expected.

At this time of year a cold meal is not an attractive thought so one wants either slow-cooking dishes, or something that will cook in a few minutes if prepared in advance. Here are a few of both types of dish.

First, steamed puddings which will cook alone for about three hours.

RABBIT PUDDING (for 6 to 8 people)

Ingredients: 1 rabbit; 2 rashers of bacon; 1 dessertspoonful chopped parsley or teaspoonful mixed herbs; 2 carrots diced. **Suet Crust:** ¾ lb. flour; 4 oz. fat; heaped dessertspoonful baking powder; water to mix; salt and pepper.

Season flour and sift in baking powder. Rub in fat and form into dough with cold water. Cut rabbit in small pieces and chop bacon finely. Line a well-greased basin with pastry. Lay in rabbit with bacon scattered amongst it, carrot and parsley or herbs. Add nearly ¼ pint water or stock. Cover well with pastry. Lay greased paper over basin and tie cloth over. Boil for three hours.

RAINBOW PUDDING:

Ingredients: ¾ lb. flour; 2 teaspoonsful baking powder; pinch salt; 4 or 5 tablespoonsful milk and water; 3 oz. sugar; 1 heaped dessertspoonful cocoa; 1 egg; 3 oz. margarine.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Rub in margarine; add sugar, beat in egg and milk to make stiff batter. Put half of mixture into another bowl and add cocoa. Divide remaining half in two; leave one portion white and colour the other pale pink with cochineal. Well grease pudding basin. Turn mixture in, in alternate colours beginning with some of the chocolate and putting the rest between the light colours, finishing with white. Tie up and steam for 2½ hours to 3 hours. Sift a little grated chocolate and icing sugar together and pile on top when you turn pudding out, serve with chocolate sauce.

LADYBIRD PUDDINGS

Ingredients: 5 oz. flour; 2 oz. margarine; 1 egg reconstituted; 2 oz. sugar; 1 teaspoonful baking powder; 1 tablespoonful each jam and water warmed together; 1 tablespoonful milk; glace cherries and desiccated coconut, if available.

Cream margarine and sugar together. Beat in egg, sift baking powder with flour and add gradually to mixture beating well. Beat in milk. Turn into small tins well greased and bake for about 20 minutes in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 350° F. Turn out, brush over with warm jam, sprinkle with desiccated coconut if available, or chopped nuts and place cherry on top of each.

Any small pastries or open tarts prepared the day before will warm in a few minutes.

If you have a little milk to spare, a milk pudding left to cook slowly at the bottom of your oven is good after a casserole or stew. In the absence of rice, macaroni (*Continued on page* 68)

Stock Pot

THE stock pot should never be empty. It should be the collecting point for every good, tasty scrap from each day's meals. The contents of a well-kept stock pot will make soup the most nourishing part of your diet.

If possible, give stock a foundation of bones and meat scrapings, then add other items day by day. Add all vegetable pieces you cannot use for the table. Gravy, gristle, meat trimmings and bacon rinds can all be used. Outer leaves of celery, asparagus stalks and mushroom trimmings are helpful as well as the more ordinary vegetables. Herbs improve the flavour but should be used sparingly, particularly dried herbs as they are concentrated. Thyme, marjoram, basil, fennel are good and parsley or parsley root. If you have any haricot beans left over they make a nice addition. Vegetable water should never be thrown away. Strain it into the stock pot.

Remember that what goes in to the stock pot must be sound or your stock will become tainted and useless. All vegetables should be well washed and cleaned before they go in. Stock should be brought to the boil every few days and once a day in hot weather, especially when it contains onions and vegetables.

CHOPS À LA BRETONNE

LADYBIRD PUDDINGS

Render It Tender

By Harriet Muir

OUR small meat ration makes the choosing and cooking of it of the utmost importance. When there is any choice we naturally seek cheaper cuts to get as much as possible. Then, of course, we must consider the best way of handling the coarser, tougher portions to make them tender and appetizing.

When you are buying look at the colour and texture of the meat. Beef and mutton should be a deep red, firm and not moist and with no unpleasant smell. If the butcher will give you a choice, select meat with a reasonable portion of fat so that you can make your own good dripping. Beef fat should be slightly yellow and soft, mutton fat white and firm. Breast bones of mutton should be lightly pink. Pork in this country is best in the winter and should be light pink with white fat and thin skin. Veal is at its best when firm and creamy in colour. However, take what care we may, with cheaper meat we are liable to be faced with a tough chop or joint, and here the cooking skill begins.

Soaking meat in vinegar helps to make it tender and in the case of steak or chops beating with a wooden spoon is tenderizing.

One of the best methods of cooking is braising. The meat retains its goodness and flavour and the vegetables cooked with it have a delicious taste. Almost any piece of meat can be rendered tender by this way of cooking.

BRAISED MEAT AND VEGETABLES

Ingredients: 2 lb. meat (flank or brisket of beef, neck of veal, or mutton are suitable); carrots, turnips, celery; leeks or onions or other vegetables; stock or water; herbs or bay leaf to flavour if liked.

Melt walnut of dripping in saucepan or casserole; add some chopped vegetables; season; add meat and herbs. Simmer a few minutes; add water to cover vegetables, cover tightly with lid. Cook very gently in oven or on top of stove until tender. Baste well a few times—before serving thicken gravy with flour and arrange vegetables round meat.

Boiled beef if simmered very gently for a long time is also excellent, and if the meat looks coarse and fibrous, better than roasting. Cut away surplus fat first for dripping.

Scrag of mutton goes a long way and makes a delicious stew.

If you have tough chops try this method:

CHOPS À LA BRETONNE

Ingredients: Chops; walnut of dripping; 1 onion; 3 or 4 tomatoes; 2 or 3 carrots; bouquet of dried herbs; ½ pint haricot beans soaked overnight and cooked.

Melt fat in saucepan. Fry chops in it a few minutes together with sliced onion and carrot. Add skinned tomatoes and herbs, season and just cover with water. Boil up then simmer gently. When nearly done add cooked beans. To serve arrange chops round mashed potato with border of vegetables and chopped parsley. Pour gravy round.

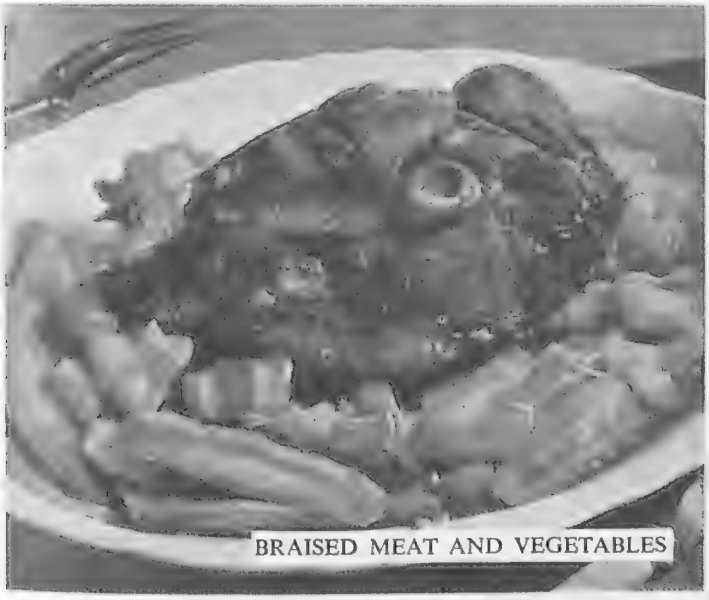
Cheap stewing beef such as "skirt" will make a delicious pie if well braised first for a good hour or until tender. Best of all make it into a beef pudding with a little kidney or liver if possible.

Breast of lamb is one of the cheaper meats which if nicely stuffed makes an excellent meal.

STUFFED BREAST OF LAMB

Ingredients: Breast of lamb (boned); forcemeat.

Lay meat out flat and season. Cover with any good forcemeat. Roll up (tie with string) and roast. It will take 1½ hours to 2 hours. Serve with cauliflower (*Continued on page* 68)



BRAISED MEAT AND VEGETABLES

WHEN YOU ARE BUYING

Easy to digest..

SOUPS AND VEGETABLES FOR BABY

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★ HOMOGENIZED

BABY FOODS

★Libby's homogenized foods will not upset baby's tiny stomach. For homogenization (a process perfected by Libby's) has eliminated the tough, irritating fibres and broken down food cells, thus making the nutriment really assimilable at an early age.

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Muriel — so messy

Nelly — so neat

Muriel says no-one ever pays her compliments, while her neighbour Nelly is the centre of attraction.

Why ? For one reason, Nelly takes pride in her appearance. A weekly "do" with Thawpit keeps her clothes clean and neat. Even if they are well-worn they never look drab or uncared for.

Clothes *absorb* dirt; thousands of tiny specks, invisible separately, cling to the fabric — especially the collar, cuffs, and waistfront. So these are the places that need attention most.

Clean your own clothes — and your husband's — regularly, at home, with Thawpit. They'll last longer and look better. Supplies of Thawpit are plentiful in most shops. 1/3 a bottle.

THAWPIT

gives fresh life to your clothes

Sunset Target

(*Continued from page 12*)

closed them after Cameron had backed the car in. In the fretted shadow of the palm fronds, the car was almost invisible. Soon a rubber-tyred carriage slid past the gates with a jingle of belled harness.

"Looks as though she may have 'phoned for this," Cameron muttered.

In a few minutes the carriage returned. As it passed the gates again, Henry glimpsed Mimi Wade's lavender frock under the canopy. He ducked out of the car to open the gates.

The carriage turned to the right, out of the side street. The rear curtain of the canopy was down. The carriage bowled along smartly, entered the Alameda Gardens, then swung obliquely right, into a tree-tunnelled, narrower road curving upward.

Leaving the trees behind, the road grew steeper, snaking up the side of the Rock. Along on the left ran a low wall, from which the shrub-dotted slopes fell away to the hanging gardens, the clustered, flat roofs of Main Street. To the right the Rock rose almost sheer to a terraced gun emplacement, with guard hut and flag staff, and a long-barrelled, polished muzzle dumbly interrogating the blue sky.

Cameron pulled up. "Just round the bend ahead," he said, "is a dead end. It's a place with seats, giving a view over the bay to Spain. There's never anyone up there on a working day. She'll see us if we follow any farther. I'm going up to the gun emplacement, up those steps. I can see what happens from up there. Henry, you take the wheel. Pull into that cutaway on the right, behind those big cable drums, and wait."

Henry obeyed. And scarcely had he switched off the motor than he heard the carriage returning. It bowled by down the hill; there was nobody under the canopy. He looked at his watch. The hour hand was creeping toward four.

Presently he heard a car coming down the hill. The car was a big, cream-coloured sports model driven by a lean, mahogany-dark young man in a yellow sports shirt.

The minutes ticked away, but there was no sign of Cameron. It was four o'clock by Henry's wrist-watch when a car came up the hill—a military car, driven by an officer with a crisp, blond moustache. Within four minutes it passed again, going down. Mimi Wade was in it.

Henry drove out on to the road. Almost at once, Cameron appeared, breathing hard, and as he ducked in beside Henry, motioned him to drive on.

"Two of 'em," Cameron said. "*Two* lovers! Henry, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't have believed it. The first was waiting there for her, in that cream-coloured gadabout. He's a Spaniard—Count Jaime Lorca, a peseta millionaire. He keeps a permanent suite at the Peak Hotel here."

"She obviously warned him and sent him off. From the way she hung about, I had an idea she was expecting someone else. So I waited. She had her timing pat—just fifteen minutes between them. The second man was Major John Dacre, Abbeyshires, one of our more dashing garrison bachelors. She got straight into his car, and obviously she's explaining to him now, on the way down. No wonder she wouldn't admit to having a lover, Henry. She'd have had to admit to two—and to not knowing which one her husband had found out about. It'd be comic if——"

"If murder weren't involved," Henry said.

He braked sharply as they neared the point where the road, dipping down under the arch of trees, entered the Alameda. Across the gardens, Dacre's car stood stationary. Mimi stepped from it, and Dacre drove off at once, toward Main Street. A passing horse carriage swung into the kerb. Mimi stepped in and the carriage went off at a smart clip toward Europa Point.

"Looks as though she's calling it a day," Cameron said. "We'd better make sure, though."

The carriage bowled along steadily, ahead, and turned presently into the street with the rock wall and the bungalows.

"That's that," Cameron said, as Henry pulled up. "She's gone home. Well, since Wade spoke of her 'lover'—in the singular—presumably the trap is for Lorca or for Dacre. Mimi's put them both on their guard. They may keep away from wherever they'd normally have been at sunset—in which case, some innocent person may blunder into the damned thing. Or they may start searching for it themselves—in which case, one of 'em may get killed doing it. Well, it's up to us to uncover and disarm it—and time's running out precious fast. Stop when you see a 'phone box, Henry. I'll call Ken. If Wade's done any more talking, he may have mentioned a name. That'd save us time, by eliminating one place to be searched."

CAMERON was a long time in the telephone booth in the Alameda Gardens. It was past five o'clock when, at last, he ducked back into the car, saying, "Garrison sunset this evening is eighteen-o-five hours—five past six. I just checked up." He added, "I'll take the wheel, Henry."

As they drove toward Main Street, Cameron went on, "I've told Ken the position. It was a hell of a shock to him, the news of Mimi's two lovers. He says Wade hasn't spoken again. That means a double search. I've 'phoned my H.Q. and had a squad sent to the Peak Hotel to take care of the Lorca end. Dacre lives on the bastion above the naval cricket ground. I've had another squad sent there, and they're waiting for me to arrive to take charge. I think we've got it sewn up, Henry, but there's one thing I'd be glad if you'd do——"

"Anything you like," Henry said.

"Ken tells me Mimi just 'phoned him. She asked if the doctor was there. Ken told her the quack was coming back about six, and she said she'd go along to Ken's office then; she wants the quack's views about moving her husband home, or to the hospital, or what. Now, you're a shrewder man than Ken. I'd like you to watch what passes when Mimi meets her husband. You might see something, hear something. If there's anything useful, 'phone me at Dacre's. Ken'll have the number. All right; Then I'll drop you off at the corner of Armourer's Lane."

It was five thirty, and a bugle was sounding, when Henry ducked out long-leggedly from the car. It wasn't the sunset bugle, but "cookhouse."

From the orderly room, downstairs, Ken called, "Go on up, Henry. I'll be with you in a moment."

Ken's office, being at the back of the building, darkened early. There, and in the cubicle where Wade lay, the electric light already was on. A lance-corporal told Henry that the sick man hadn't spoken.

"I'm to call Captain Kendle, if he does, sir."

Henry nodded. He went back into the office, stood looking out of the wide window, rolling a cigarette. He watched the shadow of the building creeping up above the hanging gardens. "At sunset—listen for the bugle. As the trembling of a veil—— The tremor is death, Mimi—death for your lover——"

Running footsteps sounded on the stairs. Henry flicked his cigarette end through the open window, turning as Ken burst in.

"Well, Henry," he said, "what's the latest? Have you found a fourth lover?"

Henry snapped his fingers warningly, pointed to the partition.

"Hell," Ken said. He opened the door of the cubicle. "Corporal, you can go and get your tea now. I'll take over."

The n.c.o. came out from the cubicle; Ken went in to look at Wade. But Henry Bow stood stockstill, in the sudden realization of the significance of Ken's first remark. "Have you found a fourth lover?" Why a "fourth"?

On the telephone Cameron had told Ken that they had discovered Mimi had two lovers. Why, then, (*Continued on page 51*)

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Study in Pastel
by Wolsey

hadn't Ken said, "Have you found a third?". Was it possible that Ken knew of, and unconsciously had counted in, a lover of whom he, Henry, and Hugh Cameron were unaware? But how could Ken know such a thing—unless he were *himself* that third lover?

The idea set Henry's mind racing. There had been no need for Mimi to warn Ken. She knew they had come from Ken, that Ken was forewarned. And now Cameron's words recurred to Henry, "It was a hell of a shock to Ken, the news of Mimi's two lovers." A shock? It must have been shattering. Undoubtedly, Ken would have believed himself Mimi's sole lover. From the first, therefore, he must have believed that he himself was the object of Wade's murder plan. He fulfilled the conditions. He was duty officer. His whereabouts at sunset were fixed; he would be here in this office.

Ken was young, idealistic. He would have kept his mouth shut, to shield Mimi's reputation. Quite possibly, he had 'phoned her, told her Cameron was on his way, she was to say nothing. Then what would he have done? He had been here in the office all day. In self protection, he must have searched for Wade's device. Had he found it, disarmed it?

Ken came out from the cubicle. "Still slumbering," he said. "Well, Henry, what luck——"

A tap at the door interrupted him. The lance-corporal looked in. "Lady to see you, sir. Mrs. Wade."

"Show her in," he said.

He walked to the door to meet her, and Henry's eyes slid appraisingly over his friend's trim, lithe figure—and checked at his shoes. They were brown, highly polished, but in the creases and laceholes were smears of vivid yellow. Dust? There was no dust so bright. Pollen! Ken hadn't been in this building all day; at some time he had been walking among low, densely growing plants.

Ken said, "Hallo, Mimi. You know Henry Bow, I think?"

"Of course," she said. "I have to thank him for looking after Miles. Where *is* Miles, Ken? Is the doctor here yet?"

"He'll be coming," Ken said. "Miles is in here."

As the two went into the cubicle, Henry turned quickly to the window. Pollen! Yes, no one could walk up there among the bushes, the patches of that small, yellow flower, without getting pollen on his shoes. Ken must not only have searched this office but searched beyond, up through the hanging gardens.

Henry turned as he heard the couple emerge from the cubicle.

"The doctor won't be long," Ken said, and spun the desk-chair for her. "Sit here, Mimi."

She sat down, laying her hat on the desk.

Clear and high, now, from the looming Rock, soared the first notes of a bugle. Henry's heart knocked in his chest.

"What call's that?" he said.

Ken said evenly, "That's the sunset bugle."

"The gun follows," said Mimi. "It's a nuisance. It shakes our windows, even out at Europa Point."

Henry was rigid. What was it Wade had said? "The tremor is death——"

Grieving from the gun emplacement, with its guard hut and flagstaff, came the sunset call. Ken was standing behind Mimi, in the swivel-chair. Henry saw him put his hands on the back of the chair, looking down on her bright head. She was busy with her compact, unaware of him. Ken looked toward the windows. In his face was a haggard resolve, and in his blue eyes a profound sorrow.

And Henry Bow acted.

Not the reasoning of the professor, but the instinct of the ex-lieutenant, a reflex to the death he saw naked in Ken Kendle's eyes, carried Henry in a great stride across the room. He hit Ken. He hit him with a sidewise, long-armed swing to the head that knocked the younger man staggering. And Henry caught the girl under the armpits. He heaved her bodily from the heavy chair, threw himself to the floor with her.

The deep report of the sunset gun engulfed the bugle cry, gave the open windows a short, sharp rattle. Something whiplashed the weatherboard partition.

Henry helped the girl to her feet. His eyes searched the weatherboard partition for the origin of that whiplash sound, and found at once a round, black bullet-hole, head height to a person sitting in the swivel chair.

He looked at Ken. Ken had sunk into a chair across the room, his elbows on his knees.

Mimi straightened her frock. "Will someone," she said, "kindly explain?"

"Yes," Ken said, looking up at her, "I will. He saved your life. And mine. I sat you in that chair, and stood behind you, so that your husband's murder device could send its bullet through us both—snuff out both our rotten, worthless lives. Does that satisfy you?"

Henry said, "When did you find it, Ken?"

"Not long after you and Cameron left," Ken said. "I've sometimes sat here at night, thinking how easy it'd be for a marksman like Wade to pick me off from up the Rock there, if ever he suspected about Mimi and me. That's what gave me the hunch to take a look round, up there in the bushes."

"What was his gadget?" Henry said.

"A rifle firing on what the army calls 'fixed lines,'" Ken said. "In Gibraltar here, there are a number of blowholes—narrow shafts bored down through the rock to the sea. Their origin and purpose is unknown. There's one in the caves higher up, and one up there among the bushes above the hanging gardens. What Wade had done was mount a Lee-Enfield rifle on a recruits' aim-laying tripod, sawn down and hinged, with the legs of the tripod spraddling the shaft.

"Last night, he must have laid aim on me as I sat here in my desk-chair. A Lee-Enfield has first and second pressure on the trigger. He'd squeezed it back to second pressure and wedged it so delicately that only a slight shock would trip the firing-pin. That shock was bound to come when the sunset gun was fired this evening. The shaft's out of sight among the bushes; no one ever goes near it. And, of course, the recoil of the rifle was bound to jerk the foreleg of the tripod back from the edge of the shaft—and down to the sea went the whole thing, beyond discovery."

"And no report," Henry said, "because the gun drowned it."

Ken nodded. "And however long it might be," he said, "before my body was found, it'd inevitably be assumed that somebody had shot me from the Rock exactly at sunset. Because the question would be asked, 'Why was no report heard?' And the inevitable conclusion would be that the unknown marksman had fired to coincide with the sunset gun. If Wade were suspected at all, his alibi was cast-iron. He was in another country altogether. He was in Spain—and you can bet he'd have stayed there till late to-night. Who'd have been likely to guess that the actual means of my death was an innocent battery sergeant, firing the sunset gun?"

He looked at Mimi.

"When I found the thing," he said, "I left it just as it was. I couldn't make up my mind whether to show it to Cameron, which meant confessing that I was your lover, or whether to dismantle the thing myself. Heaven help me, it was your reputation I was worried about! When Cameron told me about Lorca—Dacre——" He flushed deeply. "I knew you were coming here, Mimi—about sunset. Perhaps I was a little crazy, or perhaps I was singularly sane."

"But you left it there," Mimi said, "for *us*."

There was no horror in her tone, no reproach. It was very soft, enigmatic. She went toward him, and he rose, facing her. She looked long at him, and strangely; and when she spoke, it was in a whisper of wonder.

"Ken," she said, "you must love me very, very much." (*Continued on page 52*)

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"Love you?" he said. "Remembering those others? Realizing, now, why you wouldn't ask Miles for a divorce? Knowing that, even if he'd divorce you, there'd always be others? What could we ever mean to each other, now, but ruin? No, Mimi, I saw with clear eyes when I left that gadget there. Love you? I despise you."

She put her arms round him. She pressed her slender body to his, her lips to his lips. And slowly Ken's arms lifted to her, tightened about her. She drew back her head, looked searchingly at him, her lips parted. And in the suddenly hungry clasp of his arms, she leaned back from him, her hair streaming gold, and she laughed in his face, softly.

"Despise me, Ken?" she said. "Do you? *Do* you?"

Henry Bow looked away, abruptly unable to endure a scene in which was all the abject indignity of man in a thrall ageless as Eve. He glanced again at the bullet-hole in the partition. And a possibility which hadn't hitherto occurred to him struck, now, a chill to his heart. He crossed to the cubicle, opened the door, glanced in at the man on the cot.

He stood there for a moment, with a cold, sick prickling over his skin. He drew the door shut. He turned, looking at the younger man and the girl.

"Ken," he said, "I don't know just what your act in leaving that rifle where you found it makes you now. But that bullet hit. It hit and killed. Wade's dead."

Their faces, in the harsh light, were stricken as in a dream. Still their arms were loosely about each other. And suddenly, across the unbreathing quiet, the telephone raved.

Henry looked at them. "It'll be Cameron," he said. He hesitated for a moment, then slowly picked up the instrument.

He felt their eyes on him, felt the surmise which held them watchful as they might have watched a judge, black-robed, with implacable lips. And as he listened to Cameron's Scots voice, Henry Bow was weighing in his mind the most delicate decision of his life.

When he spoke, it was quietly. "I know, Hugh," he said. "The trap was here all the time. Yes, Ken was one we didn't know about. No, he's all right." He drew in his breath, deeply. "We've a theory about how the thing worked, Hugh, but we were late in arriving at it—too late to save Miles Wade. Poetic justice? Yes," Henry said slowly, "you could call it that, perhaps. All right, Hugh."

He put down the telephone.

Ken said, in a low voice, "You didn't mention—my part——"

Henry looked at him. "Remember Nijmegen—the snow and the muck?" he said. "I don't know whether I'm right or whether I'm wrong. But no one'll hear from me—about your part. I'm sorry for you, Ken."

The girl, a hand on Ken's shoulder, was very still, watching Henry. "Because he loves me," she said, "that's why you're sorry for him, isn't it?"

Her voice was beautiful; in all the beauty of her person, there was no flaw. But Henry Bow said, "Yes, Mimi, that's why I'm sorry for him."

Her eyes were violet dark, unfathomable. "But you can't do anything about that," she said.

"No," Henry agreed. "There's nothing anybody in the world can do about that." His glance was grey and steady on her, and the meditative lines were deeply drawn on his thin face. "Except you," he said.

He turned and left them. He went down the stairs, down the steps outside to the waiting jeep. He backed it out, turned in the direction of the Peak Hotel to book a room for the night.

Darkness had fallen. Into the bay, glimpsed between the palm fronds of the Alameda, he saw a constellation of lights come silently, slowly gliding. The lights picked out the silhouette of a ship. It was, he guessed, the ship he was to board to-morrow.

He pulled up to watch.

The lights became stationary between the fronds. The siren sounded its deep note. Prolonged and vibrant, there came booming to Henry Bow, across the darkling water the summons home.

END

Did Jesus Come To Britain?

(*Continued from page* 15)

Glastonbury, for did not Arthur's knights pursue a life-long quest for the Holy Grail—the chalice used at the Last Supper—which Joseph of Arimathea is said to have buried at the foot of Glastonbury Tor?

A thatched cottage above St. Just village, on the opposite side to that occupied by the church, marks the site of the cell used by Jestyn when he first came here 1,400 years ago. Beneath the cottage a vertical shaft descends for some distance before leading into an underground passage which, eventually, emerges at the foot of a tree in the churchyard. Whether this gave secret access to the original church is a moot point. Certainly, in troublous times later on, wealthy folk of the district used the passage as a storage place for their valuables.

A CURIOUS story relates how Jestyn, or Just, returned from Brittany once, to find that his cell had been taken over during his absence by an Irish hermit. As fellow-Christians they could not fight for possession, so they decided that he upon whose head the rays of the setting sun fell should remain. The sun favoured the Irish hermit. Jestyn quietly bade him farewell and sailed across the Fal to continue his ministrations beyond the Lizard.

According to another story, Geraint's own farewell was after the manner of Lohengrin's. Gerrans, a village near Portscatho, a mile or so to the east, was named after him. At his death his body was taken across Gerrans Bay in a golden boat, propelled by silver oars and was then buried, along with boat and oars, in Carne Beacon, a 370-foot hill which overlooks the entire Roseland peninsula.

THERE are some few places where a local legend, avoiding the ludicrous, will appear almost credible. St. Just-in-Roseland is one of the few. Moreover, its "Christ legend" seems to find an echo in the very character of the village. Many of the parishioners come to Sunday service in their boats; they moor them in the "sacred" creek before stepping into the churchyard, which is an arboreal token of the universal nature of the Christian religion, whose first seeds in England—their legend leads them to believe—were sown here. Reaching almost to the water's edge the churchyard rises steeply to a height roughly level (near the road) with the top of the church tower, and the whole of it has been made into what might be called an international garden.

For over 200 years rectors of St. Just have been creating this paradise of trees, shrubs and flowers, some of which are tropical species that will thrive nowhere else in Britain. The rectory garden, overlooking both church and river, shares the same character, so that you find yourself now alongside an African *acanthus*—the plant whose leaf gave us the Corinthian capital-motif, and now, the *bracchiglotis*, on whose broad leaves New Zealand natives would write their letters. The homely copper beeches are offset by great tree-ferns, and all round you are Japanese hydrangeas, Australian strawberry-plants, and dainty borders of Chinese moss.

END

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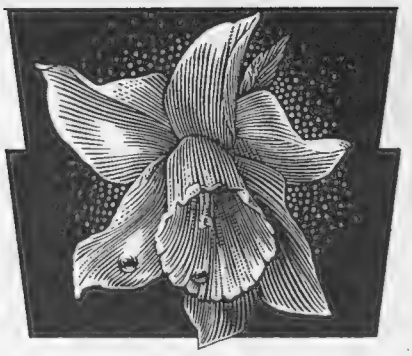

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Better Half?

(*Continued from page* 13)

that great men owe most to the maternal strain. There's plenty of evidence to support him, although in England, still a man's country, it's seldom admitted that remarkable men more often take after their mothers than their fathers. *The Times'* obituary writer, for example, failed to mention that Earl Baldwin's mother was one of the five famous daughters of the Wesleyan minister Macdonald, and that one of his mother's sisters produced Rudyard Kipling.

So far as the scientists know, Nature is not yet swinging the physical balance against man. The average female continues to be born with a different tissue structure and chemical make-up, and a metabolic rate, a general vital capacity, less rapid than man's in the ratio of 100 to 141. They have smaller hearts, lungs capable of less expansion, and inferior propulsive power. Consequently a short-legged man can still outrun a long-legged girl, and in all forms of athletics the best man will beat the best woman. Indeed, the factors of relative metabolism and propulsive power have been gauged so closely that it's reckoned that in a race of one mile a woman would need a start of 450 yards in the total 1,760 to dead-heat a man. The best woman can jump 5 feet 5¼ inches high, 19 feet 8¼ inches wide, and run 100 yards in 10⅘ seconds. Man overtops these feats with a comfortable margin.

Women have appeared who suggest that Nature may be experimenting with a change in the margin of difference. Babe Didrikson, the phenomenal athlete, who can outdrive most men golfers, including champions, was often said to outmatch even the unusual man so greatly that probably she would never marry. How could she find a satisfactory mate? It turned out, however, that Nature provides for the unusual woman too. Miss Didrikson met a gentleman weighing 20 stones, who had been accustomed to throwing other outsize gentlemen around the wrestling ring. Mr. and Mrs. George Zaharias are happily married. A rude reporter once remarked to the Babe, who dressed in a frock and high heels and with her hair fixed is extremely attractive, that George was scarcely a glamour boy. "He is to me, brother," retorted Mrs. Zaharias.

Odd differences, seemingly erratic swings in the balance between the two sexes, continually crop up to perplex the investigators, and distort their clean curves and disturb their neat conclusions. Despite man's physical superiority, women can wear clothes in winter which would bring a man down with anything from a fierce chill to double pneumonia; and it has been suggested that women would stand work in the Arctic better than men, and accordingly should be favoured for clerical and like duties when the zero and sub-zero zones are opened up.

A girl does not throw a ball normally and easily, as a boy does. It's because her elbows and shoulders are jointed differently. The male whistles naturally; the female finds whistling difficult. Maybe the whistle is a descent of the old Neanderthal sex call. Listen to a bull elk bugling to the female in the autumn woods. He whistles, deep, crescendo.

Women are supposed to have more delicate nervous sytems than men. Gladys faints at sight of blood: George, never. Beryl has hysterics: Bill can't imagine why, or how. Etcetera. Yet stuttering is more often a nervous than an organic complaint, and men stutter, but women don't. At least, a well-known specialist in voice defects told me that he had never had a woman patient. There may be women stutterers: but there are also women who grow long beards.

A fashionable psychiatrist once told me that women as a sex have weak brains. Doubtless he was biassed by his customers, neurotic women with plenty of money and no purpose in life. A wider check seems to indicate that mental weakness is a male rather than a female malady. There is a common belief that more women than men kill themselves, "suicide" so easily evoking the picture of a drab wench throwing herself off a bridge into the river on a murky night. But the reverse is true. Male suicides outnumber female by four to one.

It's a physiological fact that men "last" longer than women; but one can draw erroneous conclusions from that. When it comes to basic health, women outrank men. At the last count, they showed a life expectancy longer by five years. Britain's oldest person is—or was—a woman. This looks all the more remarkable when one checks the record and finds that women suffer twice as many illnesses as men. But the record doesn't give the whole story: the illnesses are only minor ones. Further, women aren't old at forty. Of the 310,000 women of forty in Britain, 70,000 are in business, 8,500 in the professions, and 500 on the stage, while of the 59,000 who aren't married or widows it is statistically certain that 4,500 will marry, one in every thirteen of those marrying a man of thirty or less.

It's an accepted axiom that there are female gourmands, but no gourmets. But any restaurant maitre will tell you this is fallacy; and Marjorie Rawlings proves it. This celebrated writer takes her gun and goes out to the lake behind her Florida home. Flocks of little red-winged blackbirds are singing happily in the marsh grass. Marjorie loads with No. 10 shot. *Bang-bang!* A dozen, a score, of the little birds fall. She collects the corpses (does she chase and strangle the wounded? We know not), and carries them into her kitchen.

There, singing cheerily, she plucks them, splits them down the back, rolls them in flour, adds various succulent ingredients, and bakes an ecstatic pie. This pie she proudly serves to gourmet guests. "Killed and cooked by my own fair hands." She records that Sam Byrd, the celebrated actor, flinched at his first Rawlings blackbird pie, but, on tasting it, succumbed, and, laying his hand on hers, said: "I knew I could trust you!"

Axel Munthe might class Miss Rawlings with the ex-butcher whom he fought successfully to stop netting the birds of Monte Barbarossa for the gourmets of Paris; but I am sure that the gourmets would concede that, for pure zest and thoroughness, no male could claim to be Miss Rawlings' superior.

END

Once In Liberia

(*Continued from page* 16)

"bush school" and witchcraft, with a little cannibalism on the side. That is the bare truth about Liberia; yet sometimes people seek to picture Liberia as a sort of Negro heaven.

On the occasion of the Liberian Centennial, the Royal Empire Society and the Royal African Society held a joint meeting in London and heard the Liberian Minister to the Court of St. James, His Excellency Baron de Lynden, speak of the country he represents. It should be explained that the Minister is a wealthy Dutchman who has lived long in Britain, but I do not think he has visited Liberia. The Minister began by telling the audience about the first settlers, the freed slaves from the United States, but he did not mention Matilda Newport, the coal-black African Joan of Arc, herself a freed slave in whose pious memory there is a memorial in Monrovia.

Matilda Newport went to Liberia in the *Black Mayflower* more than a hundred years ago. The pioneers were received with hostility by the natives—I now use the word in the double sense—and after hard fighting they gained a precarious foothold in the bush. Men dropped off to sleep; sentries closed their eyes, but not so old Matilda. She puffed her cutty pipe, keeping a black hand over the glowing bowl so that the unseen eyes of the lurking enemy should not be attracted.

Matilda heard a (*Continued on page* 56)

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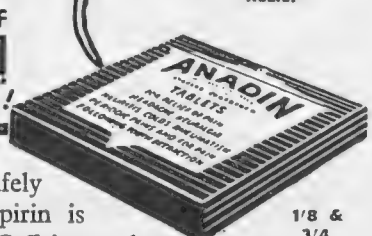

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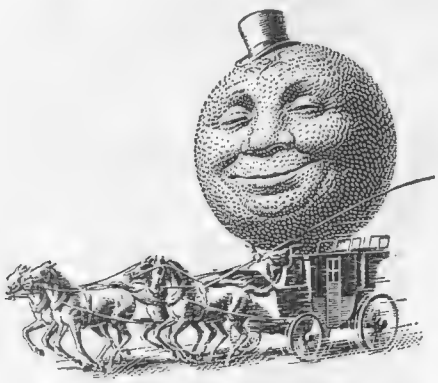

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faint rustling in the bush. There was no time to alarm the sleeping camp. She rushed to the pioneers' cannon, puffed her pipe until it glowed red hot, then tapped the incandescent tobacco on to the fuse. In a few seconds the running flame reached the powder. There was an explosion which served both to alarm the camp and strike fear into the creeping enemy, who had banked all on the surprise of a night attack.

The awakened pioneers went to it with a will, Matilda Newport loading rifles and passing the ammunition to the cannon loaders. When dawn broke, the attackers had fled, leaving the pioneers weary but victorious in possession of their hard won gains.

I see nothing in the Minister's documented address which refers to the part Britain played in the development of Liberia. The first President of the Liberian Republic, General Roberts, after whom the flying-field was named, was received by Queen Victoria in the Royal Yacht, off the Isle of Wight, in 1847. The Queen accorded the President a salute of seventeen guns. Mrs. Roberts, who accompanied her husband, had been among the first immigrants from the United States. She was living in London forty years ago and used to say she had known Edward VII and Napoleon III when they were little boys. In her latter years Mrs. Roberts dressed as Queen Victoria did in her widowhood. Her husband, the President, had looked towards Britain more than towards the United States and had concluded a treaty with our country.

The United States had experimented with Liberia, not as a colony but as a home for freed slaves; in neighbouring Sierra Leone, Britain had experimented with a colony. In Liberia, in latter years, Britain obtained a rubber concession which she worked only half-heartedly. Britain also had the banking concession. After the first World War, when the United States were looking for the means to break the British rubber monopoly, a Scot, the late Donald Ross, introduced Liberia to an American rubber company. To-day, Liberia is one of the richest rubber producing countries in the world, producing for the U.S.A. The same country also controls the banking concession.

True, the Liberian Constitution is founded on the United States Constitution, and the dollar is the Liberian national currency. The only drawback is that there are no dollars in the country. On the coast the currency is *de facto* British threepenny and sixpenny pieces.

If you are a stamp collector, you perhaps know the lovely Liberian stamps, but, truth to tell, the stamps *are* for collectors, only, because there are no post offices in Liberia, but there is a postmaster: his salary is £25 per annum.

There was one passage in the Minister's address which, I think, warrants attention from us all. Here it is: "President Tubman seized the opportunity which presented itself to Liberia when, owing to the war, the U.S. became interested in that part of Africa, not only for the purpose of improving her strategical position, but also for that of expanding her overseas trade. Liberia could also supply the U.S. with many products. In 1943, as President Elect, together with President Barclay, he visited Washington and laid his plans before President Roosevelt. They are now materializing. A harbour costing $16 million, which Liberia will eventually repay, is practically completed."

As a New Yorker would say: "You said a mouthful, Excellency." Britain is out: the United States are in. Between the British exit and the American entrance there were other attempts to gain concessions. When I was in Liberia there was a Polish Mission of sixty people; indeed, I once bought a tin of sardines in the jungle from a Polish trading-post, but very soon the Poles pulled up stakes and departed.

An Australian financial group spent much time and money seeking diamond concessions, and I found a Dutch outfit on the same errand bent. And diamonds there are, there is no doubt of that.

Liberia is a country where anything grows. Some of the best work in the country I found being carried out by British subjects, West African Negroes; they seem to have the drive and intelligence the native Liberian lacks.

President Barclay, whom I visited in the Monrovia "White House," is a West Indian by birth, naturalized Liberian.

One thing President Tubman claims to have accomplished, and if he has he has accomplished a good deal, is the ending of the sanguinary feud with the Kru tribes down in the south-east corner of Liberia, the most virile of the Liberians, who flatly refused to recognize the rule and writ of the Liberian Government.

END

Homes Of Famous People (*Continued from page 29*)

Coleridge and others famous in the literary world of that period. We may pay a visit and enjoy the simplicity of it all.

A cottage was the home, too, of John Bunyan; standing by the roadside in Elstow, Beds, is a trim little building where he lived after his marriage in 1649. The humble tinker, back from the Civil War, turned to preaching, until he was thrown into gaol, in Charles II's day, for not having the necessary licence. Twelve years he spent in prison and he came out with the first part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Contemporary with Bunyan is John Milton; his cottage may be visited at Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks. This he made his home when the plague of London in 1665 forced him to leave the city. *Paradise Regained* was begun within these old walls.

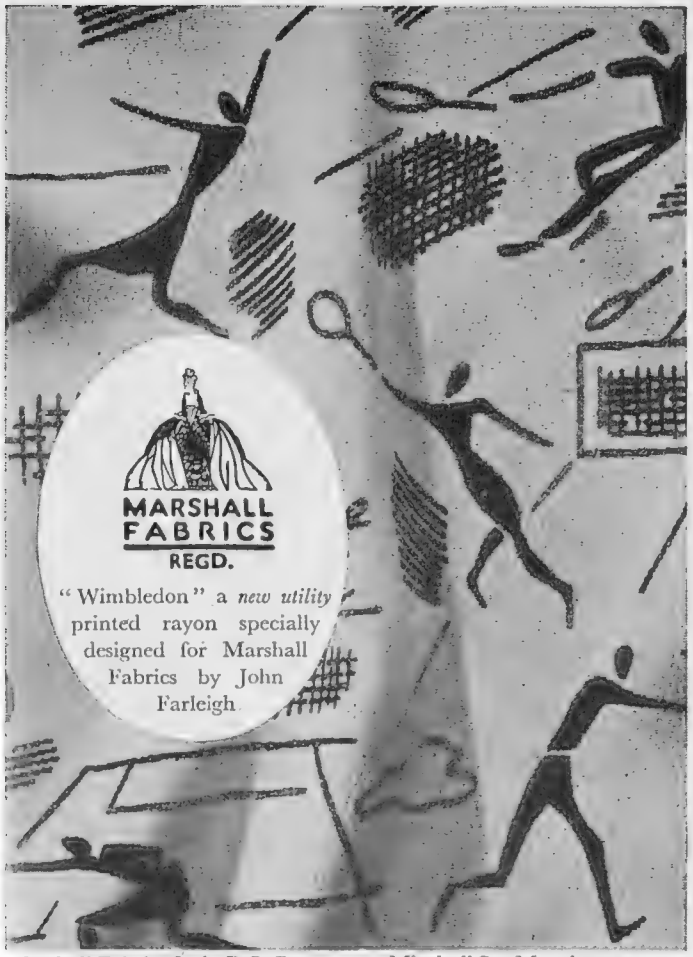
The scene of Tyndale's translation of the Bible is Little Sodbury Manor, Glos. This picturesque old house is now owned by Baron de Tuyll. He purchased it in 1919, when this property on the western slopes of the Cotswolds had fallen to such reduced circumstances that it was just a farmhouse, and restored it to its former beauty. In the early sixteenth century, when Sir John Walsh was the owner, William Tyndale was engaged as chaplain to the household. During these two years, 1521–23, Tyndale put in much of his great work in secretly translating the Bible into English. It is ironic to learn that Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn stayed here in 1535 when the plague in Bristol kept the Court at a safe distance.

The author of *Westward Ho!*, *Hereward the Wake*, and *The Water Babies*, was vicar of Eversley, in the north-east corner of Hampshire, from 1842 until his death thirty-three years later. The Rev. Charles Kingsley lived in a rectory of Elizabethan origin redesigned in Georgian days. It has the rosy-red colour of the tower of the church alongside. Whilst not generally open to the public, a courteous request to the resident rector, a great lover of things Kingsley, will not be refused. The study of the novelist is preserved as it was a century ago.

Thomas Hardy, man of Wessex, was born in a pretty thatched cottage at Lower Bockhampton, near Dorchester, in 1840. On the edge of "Egdon Heath," it is let on condition that the tenant will not turn it into tea gardens or the like, but use it as a dwelling, just as Hardy himself would have wished.

So we come to the present or rather future. In Ayot St. Lawrence, a tiny village hidden in the lanes of Hertfordshire, is the home of our most famous literary character. Now given to the National Trust, Bernard Shaw's house will be open to the public as a Shavian shrine after his death. But there is every expectation of the event being long delayed—G. B. S. in his ninety-second year is as active as the average man at sixty, and his latest play is due at the Malvern Festival in 1948.

END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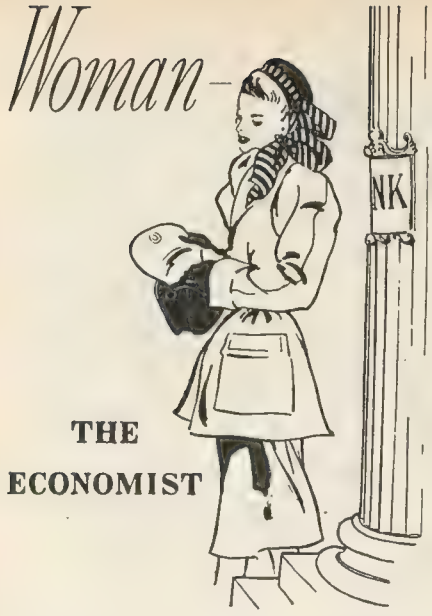

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White Ju Ju

(*Continued from page 19*)

speak the language. The little elderly woman looked rather like an animated mushroom in her big pith helmet and drill costume, but she had an air of being competent to deal with the situation. She was carrying the prayer-hymnal without which she was never seen.

At the furrow in the sand she stopped. She raised her hand after the fashion of the Bulu greeting and called to the witchman in the Zindar dialect which is like the chirping of a bird.

"*M'Bolo*. Great King and Magic-Maker of the Tib-Zindar. The Old-One-Who-Chatters-Like-A-Monkey craves thy permission to pass the guardian snake."

"M'Bolani," the witchman said sullenly. "You would come whether I gave permission or not. My snake does not concern himself with mice."

Mrs. Gowan stepped across the furrow. The chiefs were grinning; even M'Gumbe wore something like a smile. She was little and old and harmless and she respected ju ju. And sometimes—when for instance, the scratching illness came to a village—she could work ju ju herself.

Captain Pugh was aware of a lessening of tension. He wiped his forehead and turned to the missionary.

"I'm glad you've come, Mrs. Gowan. Will you be kind enough to translate for me? I want you to tell this old scoundrel I won't stand for his ju ju devilment. If the boy I saw this afternoon dies the village will be fined a hundred goats, and he himself will be arrested and taken to Fort Zindar to be hanged for murder by ju ju. Will you tell him that?"

The witchman spoke first.

"What are the words of the red-faced ape with big ears and no manners?"

The little missionary faced him. She spoke with her eyes lowered in respect.

"Oh, King, he means no harm. It was through ignorance and not knowing the custom he passed the snake and interrupted a conclave of the chiefs. He came in impatience to give the greetings of the Great White King to his brother the Black Elephant, Lord of Life and Death and Ruler of the Tib-Zindar. To-morrow he will present himself again bearing gifts with ceremony as is fitting for an ambassador between kings."

"It is well," M'Gumbe grunted. "Since he is young and more ignorant than a baby monkey I will overlook the offence. But warn him I am the greatest worker of magic in all the Tib-Zindar, and that if I so wished I could change him into a leopard with a man's hands before sunrise."

"What's he saying?" Pugh demanded.

"He says he's aware of the law against ju ju and craves pardon," Mrs. Gowan said unblushingly.

"Then tell him he must save the boy's life. If he doesn't I'll see that he's hanged at Fort Zindar and buried in a pig-skin."

"Does the red ape understand?" the witchman asked.

"Yes, Great King," Mrs. Gowan said. "He says he knows your fame as the greatest magic-maker in all Africa and desires your friendship."

"Then why does he look at me like one who desires battle?"

"He is angry, but it is not a matter that concerns the ruler of the Tib-Zindar. The quarrel is between us two. He accuses me of doing something that is contrary to the white man's law."

"And what law have you broken, Old-Crafty-One?"

For answer Mrs. Gowan lifted her prayer-book before the witchman's eyes. He averted his head.

"I have seen," he muttered. "That is only a coconut fallen from a tree."

"Or a stone?"

"Truly, if you say so, or a ripe yam. It is something without evil."

"Yes, Great King," Mrs. Gowan said. "It is without evil. Could an egg harm any man? Is there magic in a flower? Does an old woman think death because she carries a flower in her hand?"

As she spoke the light began to fade. Bats came flickering from the temple, the air grew colder and the death-drum muttered sullenly.

"*Haroon will die at the rising of the Third Moon. . . .*
Haroon will die at the rising of the Third Moon. . . .
It is the will of the Black Elephant, Lord of Life and Death. . . ."

Captain Pugh glanced at his wrist-watch and moved impatiently. He cursed his inability to speak Bulu. If only he could have told that great lowering black devil exactly what he meant in plain English.

He spoke sharply to Mrs. Gowan.

"Have you given my order? Make him hurry. The boy's dying and it's a matter of life and death. If he dies it will be your responsibility."

She turned again to the witchman.

"He says that if I break the white man's law and do *that* thing in the Tib-Zindar I must go to Fort Zindar for trial."

M'Gumbe made a growling noise.

"Then he is indeed a fool. How could your magic prevail over mine? When you make ju ju it is good ju ju that heals sickness. Does he think that I the Black Elephant and Lord of Life and Death would suffer an old woman to work evil ju ju in my country?"

"Oh, King," said Mrs. Gowan, "this white man is young and ignorant of things you and I know. It is in his heart that I am working evil ju ju against a child in this village whose spirit will depart at the rising of the moon. Nothing I can say will convince him of the truth. If the boy called 'Haroon dies he will accuse me of breaking the law of the Great White King."

Her words sent a mutter round the circle of listening chiefs. M'Gumbe's eyes glowed red. He uttered an incredulous shout.

"Does he then think your ju ju is greater than mine? Does he not know it was by *my* will the boy Haroon was justly sentenced to die? Will he make report to the Great White King that his brother the Black Elephant cannot protect his own subjects?"

Mrs. Gowan laid her hand on her prayer-book.

"He believes that my ju ju is stronger than yours. If it is the will of the God I worship Haroon must die at the rising of the moon."

"And the white man will hold you answerable?"

"Truly, Great King. He will say that it was my fault that this child who lives in the village of Mauri and in the shadow of the Black Elephant has died of an evil ju ju."

"And if the boy live?"

"Then indeed, oh King, this white man must be convinced of the greatness of the Black Elephant, Lord of Life and Death and Ruler of the Tib-Zindar. Through his mouth thy fame as a magic-maker will travel north and south and east and west throughout Africa. But, Great King, to save this boy's life would be big ju ju—bigger ju ju than has ever been worked before in the Tib-Zindar. Suppose the Spirits decree otherwise and Haroon dies? Is it wise to make this test of thy power before the eyes of the mocking stranger? Would it not be better——?"

The witchman silenced her with a roar of fury.

"Silence, old chatterer. Do you too doubt the power of the ju ju of the Black Elephant?"

Smiling, the missionary faced his fury. She was clasping her prayer-book as she answered: "How should I who always believe have any doubt?"

ONLY the presence and apparent approval of Mrs. Gowan and his own inability to voice his opinion in Bulu restrained the Assistant Commissioner from making a protest.

To him the spectacle seemed childish and barbaric. The devil-dancers with their masks and hats of (*Continued on page 61*)

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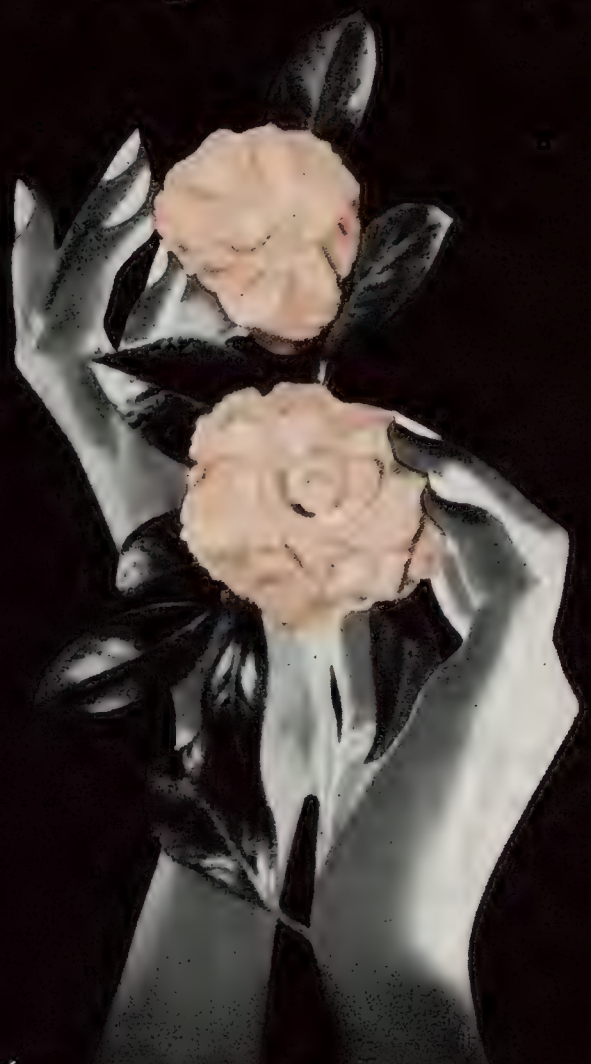

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human skin and cloaks of dried grass leaping round the bonfire. The body of Haroon naked and motionless in the fire-light. The screaming of conches and rolling of drums from where the temple-musicians bent and swayed like snakes in the light of the leaping flames.

And then M'Gumbe himself. No longer an obese old savage in a red blanket, but a capering creature from a madman's nightmare. Painted, masked, infinitely grotesque. He gambolled and leapt round the child's body like a monstrous elephant. He waved his arms and howled incantations. From his medicine bag he took handfuls of evil-smelling powder and flung it on the child's face. The stuff seemed to give forth smoke. Then the witchman flung himself on the child, pressed his mouth to the child's mouth, and Pugh could see his great muscles rolling under the wet black skin as if in agony while the music rose to a sudden frenzy.

He turned in horror to Mrs. Gowan, but she didn't see him. For Mrs. Gowan also was making big ju ju. She was singing, her eyes rapt and her untidy grey hair escaping under her helmet as she beat time with her prayer-book.

White Ju Ju

" Against the heart's idolatry,
Against the wizard's evil craft,
Against the death-wave and the burning
Protect me, Christ, till Thy returning. . . .
I bind unto myself to-day,
The virtues of the star-lit heaven,
The glorious sun's life-giving ray,
The whiteness of the moon at even. . . ."

Pugh had recognized the old hymn. St. Patrick's Breastplate! And the fervour with which Mrs. Gowan sang made it sound almost as pagan as the chanting of the Bulus.

She was a little touched, he thought. White people got like that if they stayed too long in Africa.

Then he heard a tremendous shout. Haroon was sitting up, rubbing his eyes like one awakened from a dream. At the same moment the Third Moon sprang from behind the purple mass of the distant Cameroons and its light blessed the scene with its sudden beauty.

END

Millions In Salvage

(*Continued from page 20*)

divers can't work, it just means days, maybe weeks, of waiting in the salvage vessels and at shore depots usually set in bleak, off-the-map surroundings. The most likely current targets lie in shallow water off the West Highlands and the Inner and Outer Hebrides. So you see some of the drawbacks.

The largest number of wrecks lies between Yarmouth and Ramsgate (taking in the Thames Estuary). Next biggest clusters are off the Tyne, Humber, Isle of Wight, and Liverpool Bay. But the point is this : of the 550 wrecks still sunk or buffeted, not more than fifty can be raised or worked on with any prospect of a satisfactory yield. Here resides a remarkable similarity with after the 1914-18 war when the Admiralty listed 416 wrecks lying in less than twenty fathoms, or 120 feet, around the British coast, and estimated that one in ten were worth attention. This is the same proportion as to-day's estimate after 1939-45.

Actually fifty-one war wrecks were salved after 1918, but some were in foreign waters. It will be interesting to see what the present can place against that.

I know what some readers are asking at this stage. "Supposing I want to try my luck at this salvage business? Can I just pick out an unattended wreck and start in?"

Well, not quite. War wrecks are the property of the State which paid out millions in insurance on these unlucky ships. But the State is only interested in fairly sure recovery cases, or when the cargo is really serious. A memorable instance of the latter was the *Laurentic*, sunk off Malin Head with £5,000,000 in gold bars. The Government went at it for seven seasons between 1919 and 1924, at a cost of £130,000, but they got their bullion in the end, and from 120 feet, in a gale and current swept spot.

Yet on most occasions salvage is too akin to treasure hunting—"something like taking tickets at a sweepstake"—and the State is only too glad to let someone else clear away the obstruction. So private enterprise has small difficulty in taking over a wreck on the "no cure, no pay" principle. Which means that in return for the concession a pre-arranged percentage of the value recovered is given to the State, but that the salvors lose all in the event of failure, and in pre-war days the upkeep of a salvage steamer could run to £150 a week, not reckoning cost of the ship and plant.

The Admiralty's own selected salvage is unaffected by such deals. Most of it is done at speed during wartime when the best brains, personnel and equipment can be pressed into service. The residue may subsequently be sold off as scrap. In fact, post-war Admiralty salvage tends to concentrate on clearing harbours because this has to be done. Other jobs are—the clearing of Dover Harbour of blockships, and the raising of target warships sunk during experimental attacks. One warship has been sunk and raised three times, rather like cruel duckings in the swimming-bath.

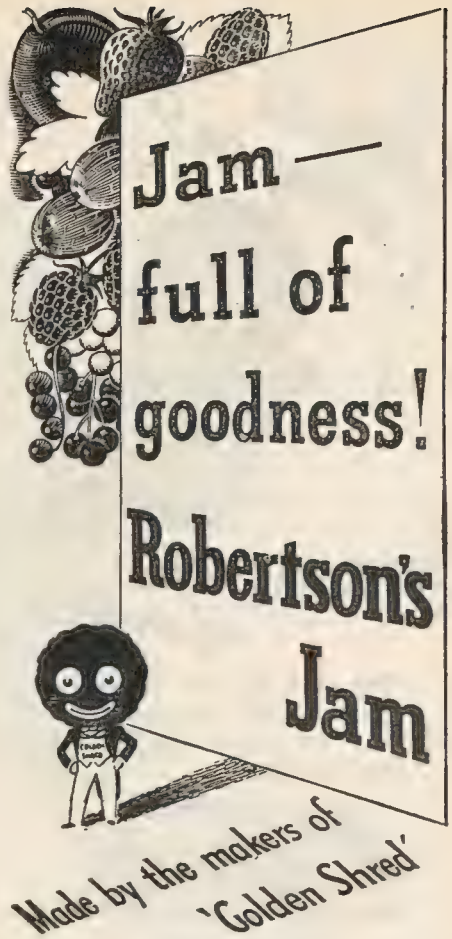
The Admiralty is interested in developing new methods of salvage, not in getting spirits, coal, rubber, and even foodstuffs, out of wrecks sunk around our coasts. Such are the latest targets—and, by the way, it isn't the first time that food has been raised from the sea-bed to our tables. When the *Westmoreland* was sunk off Liverpool during the first World War, divers sent up hundreds of cases of butter which duly reached the tables of British people rationed to two ounces. The record tells that it didn't even taste salty.

When I mention that thirty-two ships were scheduled to enter the Thames every twenty-four hours during the late war and that many were food-ships, a high proportion of which were sunk, the degree to which our meagre rations could be supplemented, were salvage an easy matter, is best not thought about. More profitably, let us visualize those scattered wrecks upon which salvage crews will pitch ahead with the first of spring (weather permitting). Salvors must be men of infinite hope and patience; but above all, they must be of the kind who throw themselves into a job "like mad," knowing, as they do, how fleeting may be their opportunity. The new diver of to-day is going down to such depths as a self-contained unit, devoid of air tubes and kindred entanglements with above, and in a streamlined suit which enables him to clamber into holds and penetrate places hitherto impossible in the old trappings. He carries a breathing mixture on his back and front in the form of a cylinder and a bag with mouthpiece. I have details here of hydrogen, oxygen and helium, but shall spare you technicalities as I'm certain to get mixed up. Suffice that Professor J. B. S. Haldane is our best boffin hope in the matter of mixtures enabling work at an increased depth, and that the Swedes have used the new independant diver's technique at the greatest depths.

The new self-contained diving is tricky enough—there have been several fatalities—without suggesting that the men can push themselves about like Donald Duck when they're on the bottom. But they *are* able to do their pumping, drilling, patching and exploding, with much greater freedom than formerly, which means speed, which is everything under water. Their advent will, among other things, add to freak ship surgery—as the salving of the stern of a Norwegian steamer and the joining of it to a bow specially launched at Devonport.

The whole diver's art has been pushed forward by two great maritime wars and now we are witnessing the fruits of the second experience. What an advance it was, to be able to telephone to the surface, instead of endless signalling by pulling at a cord!

END



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Three tablets are taken three times daily. Commenced in the early stages of a cold this often clears up the attack in 3 to 4 days. Serocalcin is suitable for adults and children.

Serocalcin is available in two sizes; 60 tablets for immunising course and 20 tablets for treatment.

All who suffer from colds are invited to send to Harwoods Laboratories Ltd., Watford, for descriptive booklet "Immunity from Colds."

SEROCALCIN

FOR THE PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF COLDS Regd.

Spotlighting The Yoke (*Continued from page* 36)

THE BACK

(Work all in grey and coral and no reverse yoke). Work as for the front until after armhole shaping.

Work for 2 ins. Divide sts. for the back opening. Work 45 sts. (place the remaining 45 sts. on a spare needle). Work on the 45 sts. until armhole measures 6 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row. Work for 1 in. at the same time dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every neck edge row, until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Return the 45 sts. on spare needle and work to correspond.

SLEEVES

With grey wool and No. 12 needles cast on 80 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1, for 1 in.

Next Row: Rib 4 * inc. in next stitch Rib 6, rep. from * to the last 6 sts. inc. 1 st. Rib 6.

Continue now on No. 10 needles and pattern as for the beg. of pullover (grey and coral) until 6 ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 36 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles cast on 130 sts. with grey wool. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on neck band. With No. 12 crochet hook, work 2 rows of double crochet down each side of the back opening. Press all seams. Make buttonloops on the right hand side of back opening. Sew on buttons on the left hand side of back opening.

END

Featuring Sleeves (*Continued from page* 36

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Work for 1 in. on the remaining sts. Cast off loosely. Return to the remaining 48 sts. on spare needle. Join wool at the front edge and work to correspond with the first set of 48 sts.

THE FRONT

Work as for the back after armhole shaping (96 sts.). Continue on these 96 sts. without further shaping until armhole measures 7 ins. Join on white wool, work 1 in.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Work 1 in. on the remaining 36 sts. Cast off loosely.

SLEEVES

With No. 10 needles and white wool. Cast on 116 sts. Work 16 rows (stocking stitch). Continue in the 24 rows navy and 8 rows white until sleeve measures 7 in. from the cast on edge. Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows, then join on white wool and work 8 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder sleeve and side seams. Sew in sleeves. Turn under the lower edge of sleeve (8 rows) on the wrong side and stitch down to make a hem. Turn over the in. at the front neck line on the wrong side and stitch down. Stitch down each side of the back neck line. With a No. 12 crochet hook work 2 rows of double crochet down each side of the back opening. Work two button loops on the right hand side of back opening. Press all seams. Sew buttons on to the left hand side of back opening.

END

Vanished Folk (*Continued from page* 25)

where to look and what to look for can pick them out from the natural formations among which they are found.

But they are there none the less. Wherever you look, wherever you stand, the Past of Dartmoor is all around you. The track you follow may have been trodden by the feet of men dead three thousand years ago. The granite gate-posts you pass between, the lintel of barn-door or house-door, may have formed part of some dolmen or cromlech or stone circle made in the dim past for some purpose no one knows. For the antiquities of Dartmoor which still remain—the stone rows, the hut-circles, the kistvaens which held the vanished people's dead—are only a tithe of those which must have existed before the whole countryside began to use them as a quarry. Anyone who wanted building stone went to the Moor; arguing, no doubt, that where stone lay ready to one's hand, where was the sense of quarrying it? And in a day when no Society for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments existed, there was no one to say the depredators nay.

IT has been computed that the hut settlements of which traces still remain must have contained a population of at least twenty thousand, most likely even more. These people were of the Neolithic race, and the earliest of them are believed to have inhabited Dartmoor about 1500 years before the Christian era. They were, so far as can be known, of the long-headed type, living by hunting and perhaps keeping a few cattle; they practised no arts except a very simple pottery, and their standard of life was of the most primitive. Their dwellings, of which the foundations are to be found in large numbers near Postbridge and at Grimspound, were circular huts with low stone walls and a thatched roof, with a hearth stone in the middle and no windows, and they are generally found in groups surrounded by a ditch and wall. Later waves of migration brought an admixture of round-headed people of the Celtic type, who mingled with the earlier race, and brought to them also the first knowledge of the use of metal, as shown by the bronze implements which are to be found very occasionally on the Moor.

From the early Stone Age to the beginning of the Age of Bronze the history of the Moor seems to have been fairly continuous. Then, suddenly and inexplicably, it comes to an abrupt stop.

Roman, Romano-British, Dane, Saxon, Norman, all passed Dartmoor by. There is no mention of it whatever in Domesday Book. Its tin, bartered, very likely, in ancient times with the Phœnician traders, remained untouched until the days of the Tudors. The Moor became a deserted, haunted, dreaded place, surrounded with legends of pixies and what not in the Devon countryside, a place where phantom huntsmen ranged by night and Jack-o'-Lanthorn danced among the bogs to lure the benighted traveller to his doom.

What became of them all? That is the great unsolved riddle of Dartmoor. The most likely solution seems to be that some great epidemic, like those which later in history decimated the population of England more than once, practically wiped out the primitive folk of the hut communities. But whether that solution be right or wrong, no one will ever know.

And of all those loving, hating, breeding, chaffering folk, what remains? A few shreds of pottery, a few flakes of flint, a few—a very few—fragments of bronze, a handful of ashes on a hearthstone cold this three thousand years.

Therein lies the great fascination of Dartmoor—the riddle that can never be answered.

END

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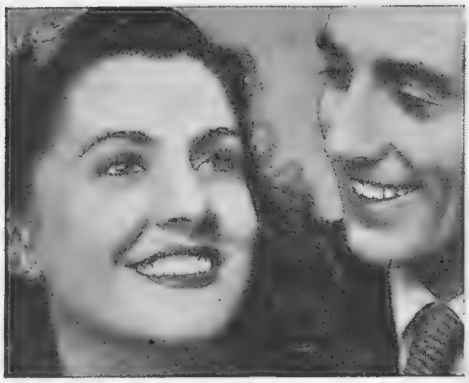

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Be Brave, Darling

(*Continued from page 28*)

the valley but saw nothing of sun and shadow on the grasslands. She understood Jane too well: she was herself when she was young. She heard the trams clank down the Avenue Victor Dury, and the chiming bells of the Sacred Heart. She sat on her bed looking down into the convent garden and watching the faintly-coloured cups of hollyhocks. It was in that moment, with the bells chiming and the flowers nodding that memories of her home in Gloucestershire overwhelmed her, drowning her in unbearable home-sickness. She could not conquer it, she could only fight it, and this she did. She remembered the night she ran away. How she pulled her gym dress over night-clothes and stocked her satchel with bread and butter (smuggled from the supper table). She crept out of the convent gates, boarded a tram, and got as far as the Madeleine before she was brought back by a gendarme.

She had run away then, Paula charged herself, and she was running away again tonight. How dare she judge Jane? Yet she must. It was all the more necessary because of the flaw in herself. There was, she admitted, a streak of instability in her character, therefore she must fight for strength in Jane.

"You mustn't think of running away, darling. Little girls must not run away, but face unpleasant things. Be brave, darling. Try and get through this term. If you still don't like school, we'll think of something different, perhaps later on. But this is only provided you are brave and don't run away."

She expected Jane's weeping to commence once more, but the child was quiet, her fingers among the cherries which she did not eat. She stared down at the school buildings with an expression so fixed in misery Paula was on the point of breaking her resolution. But she waited, hoping to gain comfort from Jane's promise to be good.

Jane's silence was not to be broken. Perplexed and troubled Paula took her back to the fence over which Sam lifted her. They expected her to turn round for a good-bye kiss but she ran down the slope, the pleats of her navy tunic flicking over her thin legs. She never looked back. When she reached the porch she put her hands to her face and ran sobbing into the house.

THEY returned to Duffi, separating in the outskirts of the town, Sam taking the road to his hotel and Paula the one to her house. Before parting they agreed on their plan. They would leave by the ten-thirty train from Duffi, enter different coaches and join one another only after they changed into the London train at Shrewsbury.

THE house was quiet when she returned, the pleasant rooms greeted her with a kind of tentative inquisitiveness. Hello there—what are you up to? She tried to smile at herself in the mirror, but the effort was forced: she did not want to look into her eyes. Why pretend she was happy—she was not, and that was that. Too many confusing, contradictory demands, Jane's, Sam's and Grahame's clamoured to be heard.

In whatever direction she tried to justify herself her arguments were blocked by the memory of Jane, small, vulnerable, walking obediently but hopelessly into school.

Paula could no longer control her anxiety. She must see Jane once more, if only to catch a glimpse of her asleep in bed. In sleep at least she would look happy. She must satisfy herself also that Jane was not as upset as she seemed to be. She picked up the telephone and spoke to Miss Evans. She would like to see her about Jane, yes, this evening, it was urgent, she was going away.

Paula started at once to the school: there was little time to lose if she were to catch the ten-thirty train.

The fine day was ending in storm: spears of rain fell over Taren Rhos Farch, hitting her cheek with an impact of cold steel. As she climbed out of the protection of the town she felt its full power, and wondered how long it would take her to fight it step by step up the hill. She reached the turning where massive rhododendron clumps marked the school boundary, and entered their protective, dripping ranks with relief. The moaning of the wind was now but a thin distant wail: here the only noise was the soft drip of the raindrops from leaf to leaf and their monotonous plop upon the gravel. She walked rapidly, anxious to emerge from the sombre avenue, and wondered if she were imagining sounds when the patter of feet sounded behind her. She stood for a moment listening and before she walked on threw a furtive look over her shoulder. In a moment the steps sounded, and again she stopped to listen. This time she realized that the person was ahead of her, not behind. She followed, quickening her pace and rounded a bend in the road. A few yards ahead she saw this other person, who, like herself, was walking quickly towards the school. It was only a schoolgirl in navy coat and straw hat, carrying her suitcase. Paula looked relieved and continued to follow her when something about the girl's walk and the ribbons sticking out from pigtails struck her as familiar.

"Jane? Is that Jane?" She called. The child stopped, turned her startled face towards her.

When Jane recognized her mother she dropped her suitcase, tipped her straw hat back on her head and ran towards her, flinging her arms round Paula's wet mackintosh.

"Jane! What are you doing here? Come under my mac. You'll get so wet. Now tell me—what is the matter?"

Emotion always brought tears to Jane, and now the rain mingled with her tears.

"Oh Mummy, I'm just coming back from running away. It wasn't because I was frightened," this was said defensively, "It was because I decided to be brave, that's why I was going back."

At first Paula was too astonished at her explanation to say anything, but held the shivering, excited child close to her.

"What a silly little chicken," she exclaimed eventually, and tried to think of something casual to add, but found herself saying instead, "Would you like to come home with me?"

"Come home?" asked the incredulous child, "You don't mean come home now, Mummy?"

"You didn't run away. I said if you were brave we'd think of something else? Come along. Home. About turn."

They walked at first close together, Jane insisted on keeping her arm round her mother's waist. It was a dream, still, and Mummy might yet disappear as the getting-up bell rang. After a while the awkward movement of Paula's long steps measured against Jane's short ones, hampering the delirious business of walking home. Jane skipped on by herself, chattering, singing, unaware of the rain, her soaked hat, and the curious expression on her mother's face.

As Jane opened the door of her home she saw trunks and suitcases in the hall.

"Are you going away, Mummy?"

"I was thinking of running away."

"But you're not going to?"

"No," said Paula.

END

In Search Of Glamour

(*Continued from page 42*)

dipped into a big mug of very soapy water and the scalp is thoroughly scrubbed with the brush. There follows a thorough shampoo with two lathers of Castile Soap and a spray rinsing until every scrap of soap is removed. If the hair is at all inclined to be greasy a bay rum tonic is massaged into the scalp while it is still wet. Then the hair is partly hand dried and thoroughly brushed.

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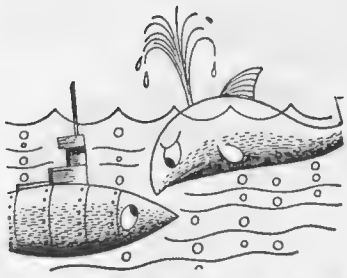

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Only genuine if signed "ALEX C. MACLEAN"

The Rearston Luck

(*Continued from page 32*)

The door opened, and his assistant, a smartly-dressed rat-like individual, came in: "There's Chief Inspector Garrod outside," he said after he had closed the door. "Wants to see *you*."

"What's he want, Karl?" Ahrenstein asked, apprehensively.

"Search me! Said it was a personal matter," Karl replied.

Ahrenstein glanced nervously at the safe as he said: "Better see him, I suppose."

A minute later a tall man, carrying a bowler hat, was ushered into the room. He carried himself in a military manner with the confidence of an important official.

"Mr. Ahrenstein?"

"Yes?"

"I am Chief Inspector Garrod of the Yard."

"And what can I do for you, Chief Inspector?" Ahrenstein asked.

"I'm afraid I've bad news for you, Mr. Ahrenstein. The Artist is in London," Garrod said, gravely.

Ahrenstein's relief was not obvious in his manner, but he smiled as he said: "That's rather more *your* funeral than mine, inspector."

"I'm not so sure. Nor is my chief. We decided to warn a few of the bigger men in strict confidence."

"It doesn't worry me. That safe is as sound as the Bank of England."

"With ordinary men, doubtless. But not with the Artist. No safe is. Surely you know that!"

"There's only one man in the world knows the combination which opens that safe. And that man is me. Without the combination it would take dynamite."

"Brains are just as dangerous as dynamite," persisted Garrod. "Still, I've carried our my orders, but I certainly advise you not to rely on *any* safe where the Artist is concerned."

"Look!" Ahrenstein said with a smile. He turned to the safe, deftly set the combination and swung the great door open.

"I don't know the make," said Garrod in an interested tone. "A Yank, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"It certainly seems Okay," he said as he examined it. "The one at Rearston Hall, the other day now, was a very different matter."

"I suppose it was," said Ahrenstein, casually but, in spite of his casualness, his start, when Rearston Hall was mentioned, was not lost on his visitor.

"Yes, there's no doubt the Yanks *can* make safes," Garrod admitted, as he turned away.

"You've said it," Ahrenstein agreed as he swung the door to and mixed the letters of the combination.

"Anyway... you know now that the Artist is in London—and I don't suppose he's here for his health," Garrod said as he turned to the door.

As he left the office, Karl came in: "What did he want?" he demanded.

"He came to warn us that the Artist is in London. Wasn't it kind of the Yard?"

"I thought that it was about the Rearston business," he said, doubtfully.

"Why should it be? Only Bill Hawkes knows we've got the stuff and he's Okay."

"The sooner we get rid of it the better," Karl insisted.

"It will have gone by to-morrow. I've just heard from Amsterdam."

"It can't go too soon for me. I don't like this chap coming here from the Yard. They've never done it before. Looks as if they smell something."

THE following morning Ahrenstein had some little difficulty in opening his office door. The key stuck in the lock, which was unusual. He looked round the outer office suspiciously but as far as he could tell everything was in order.

Karl followed him in.

"We'll get rid of those emeralds at once," Ahrenstein said as he turned to the safe.

"Good!"

Ahrenstein set the combination and the big door swung back. On a shelf level with Ahrenstein's astonished eyes was a sheet of notepaper on which had been written: "You had been warned about the Artist." With a gasp, he opened a drawer.

"Gone!" he said, and Karl watched in silent consternation as Ahrenstein, in increasing dismay, examined several other rifled drawers.

Ahrenstein mopped his forehead. "I... I'll go and see Bill Hawkes," he said. "He's the only man who knew they were here."

Hawkes was, ostensibly, a working jeweller. He had a small shop in one of the inner suburbs and looked up from a watch he was mending as Ahrenstein entered.

"What brought *you* here?" he asked.

"Something pretty awful, Bill. That necklace has gone."

"What d'you mean, gone?"

"When I opened the safe this morning, I found... that."

Ahrenstein held out the paper and went on grimly: "Nobody in London besides you knew where the necklace was."

Hawkes scratched his head: "Blimey!" he said as he examined the paper. "Looks as if it was the Artist himself."

"But how the devil did he know the combination of my safe? *You* must have been talking."

"Me? I'm too deep in it meself to do any talking. Besides, did *I* know the blinking combination? Be yourself!"

"Chief Inspector Garrod called yesterday afternoon to warn me about the Artist," Ahrenstein said with a rueful grin.

"Garrod?" Hawkes said sharply. "There's nobody at the Yard with that name."

A change came over Hawkes's face as an idea came to him. "Did the chap from the Yard have a scar just under his eye—a scar shaped something like a crescent moon?" he asked.

"I believe he did."

Hawkes smiled: "Bad luck," he said. "Chief Inspector Garrod was the Artist himself!"

"And I set the combination under his very nose in order to show him how safe the safe was!"

SOPHIE was breakfasting in bed when the maid came in with a bundle of letters and a small registered parcel. She glanced through the letters before she opened the package. Under a layer of cotton wool she found... the necklace. Hurriedly she looked through the packing but there was no letter or message of any kind.

Excitedly, she grabbed the telephone and dialled a number.

"Ronny!" she gasped. "That you? The necklace has been returned. It came this morning by registered post. No. There's no message of any kind with it. Yes. I'm sure it's *the* necklace. It's *lovely*, Ronny!"

STANDING by her bridegroom's side, Sophie, in her bridal gown, was very beautiful. She was wearing the necklace that had graced generations of the women of her husband's family.

Several guests came up and said the things that people do say at such times, and among them Wilmer Hancock.

"So you got them back just in time," he said with a smile.

"Yes. Isn't it wonderful! We've no idea who sent them. The whole thing is an absolute mystery."

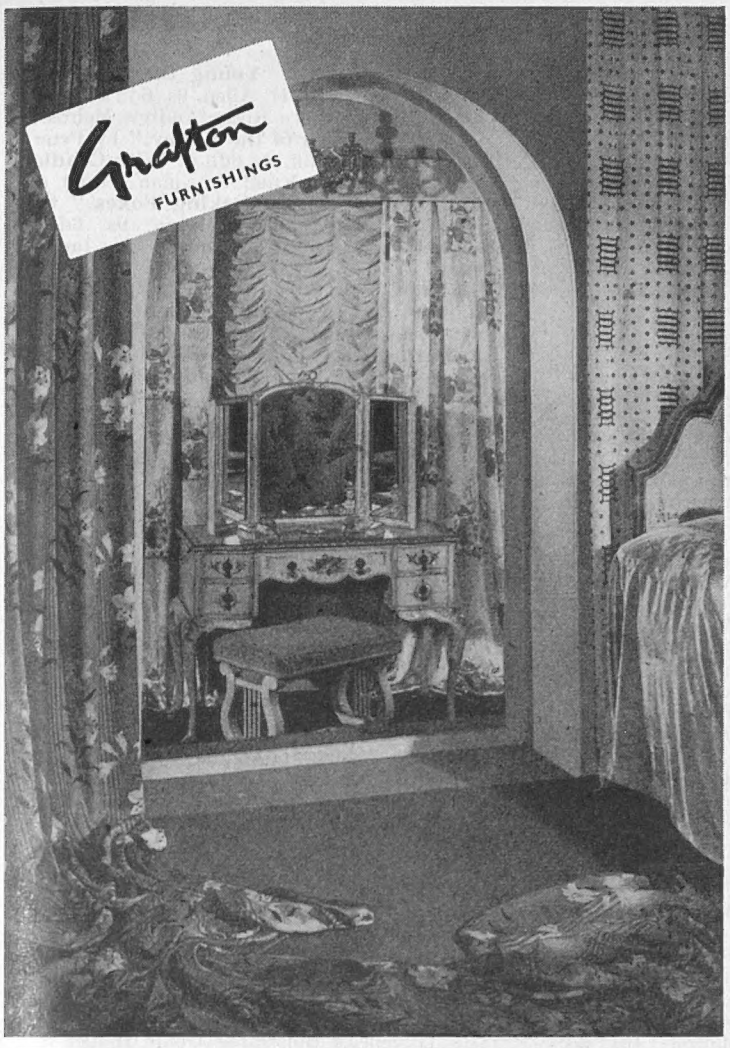
"The main thing is that they *are* back," he said. "They look beautiful, Sophie. And I hope it's typical of the luck that's coming to you both."

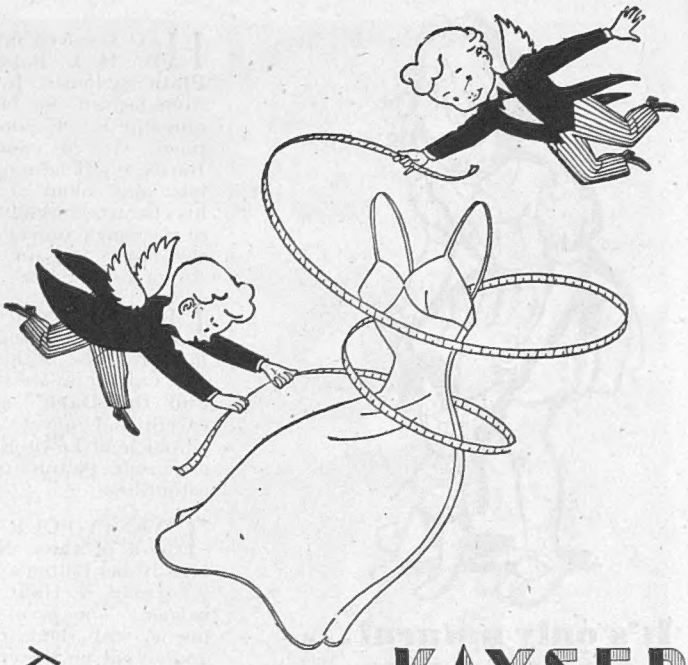
He passed on to pay his compliments to Sophie's aunt.

"I like that chap," Ronny Rearston said quietly to his bride.

"Yes. He's a dear. And he'd be really good-looking if it wasn't for that scar under his eye. It looks just like a crescent moon, doesn't it?"

END





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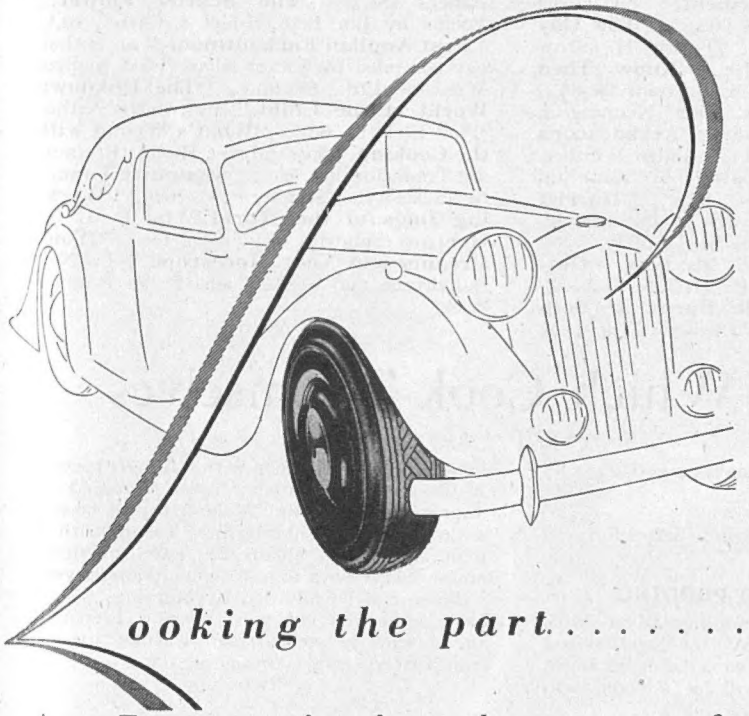

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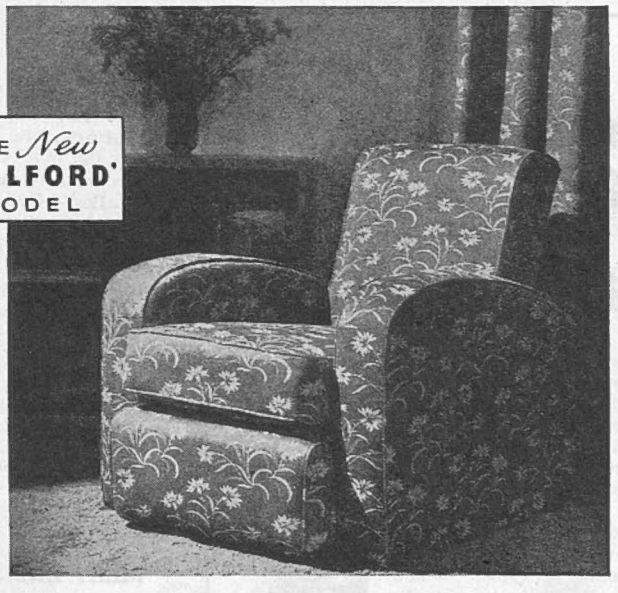

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Books

(*Continued from page 41*)

HAD I served in Burma I should regard Mr. H. E. Bates's novel **"The Purple Plain"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) as a gift from heaven; for in telling the story of an unhappy R.A.F. pilot who crashes in pathless jungle with his crew and survives to love a Burmese girl he scorches the mind with the heat and colour of the country and makes his characters living presences. The suspense of the jungle ordeal is as dramatic as that of the desert one in Mr. Brophy's *Immortal Sergeant.*

UNHAPPY, too, especially in his relations with women and colleagues, and despite his rare gifts, is the young Cambridge don, Roy Calvert, in Mr. C. P. Snow's **"The Light and the Dark"** (Faber, 10s. 6d.). This exceptional novel—a further step in the chronicle of Lewis Eliot, the narrator—gives an inside picture of university life which astonishes.

TWENTY-FOUR dynamic hours in the lives of three New Yorkers suffice for Miss Isabel Bolton's **"Do I Wake or Sleep"** (Chapman & Hall, 7s. 6d.) since two are women. The pace is breathless, the style poetic, with slants on Chekhov and Proust and accent on the episodic.

Subtle studies of women and a girl reacting to conventional society quicken the feminine interest in Miss Victoria Lincoln's three short novels, **"The Wind at My Back"** (Faber, 8s. 6d.). Dolls are the characters in a charming story for children, Miss Rumer Godden's **"The Dolls' House"** (Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.)—and what a change they make from people like you and me and that eternal Mrs. Whatshername. . . .

HERE is a list of books which will repay the attention of readers:

FICTION

"The Ballet of Moments Unborn," by Albert Viney (Andrew Melrose, 10s. 6d.); **"Hardship Our Garment,"** by Leslie Wood (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.); **"The Gay Sea Road,"** by Capt. Frank H. Shaw (Stanley Paul, 9s. 6d.); **"Know Then Thyself,"** by Henry Gibbs (Jarrolds, 9s. 6d.); **"Pastures New,"** by Alan Kennington (Andrew Melrose, 9s. 6d.); **"Archdeacons Ashore,"** by C. A. Alington (Faber & Faber, 7s. 6d.); **"Silver Shoals,"** by Hamilton Cochran (Jarrolds, 10s. 6d.); **"Harriet Walk,"** by Barnaby Brook (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"Speak the Sin Softly,"** by Cy. Caldwell (Macdonald, 10s. 6d.); **"Outlaw Island,"** by A. R. Hilliard (Cassell, 8s. 6d.); **"My Candle Burns at Both Ends,"** by Valentine Clemow (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.); **"Young Claudia,"** by Rose Franken (W. H. Allen, 9s. 6d.); **"Red Oak,"** by Laurence Riley (Andrew Melrose, 9s. 6d.); **"Wrath of the Valley,"** by Peter Hodemart (Rockliff, 8s. 6d.); **"With Cradle and Clock,"** by Knud Stowman (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.); **"Kicking Foxes,"** by Dorothea Conyers (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"There is Another Sun,"** by James Raisin (Rich & Cowan, 9s. 6d.); **"Bar Sinister,"** by G. F. Hughes (Chapman & Hall, 8s. 6d.); **"That Ancient River,"** by Lesley Gervaise (Lutterworth, 9s. 6d.); **"Shuttlecock,"** by Grace Carlton (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.); **"Dangerous Pathway,"** by Richard Purdon (Jarrolds, 9s. 6d.).

DETECTIVE FICTION

"Death and Taxes," by David Dodge (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.); **"Thy Arm Alone,"** by John Slate (Rich & Cowan, 9s. 6d.); **"Verdict of Twelve,"** by Raymond Postgate (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.); **"Midnight Wireless,"** by C. A. Alington (Macdonald, 7s. 6d.); **"The Leather Man,"** by Lawrence Treat (Rich & Cowan, 9s. 6d.) **"Suddenly at His Residence,"** by Christianna Brand (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.); **"The Golden Cat,"** by Harman Long (Rich & Cowan, 9s. 6d.); **"Fetch Me a Rope,"** by Raymond Boyd (Hammond & Hammond, 8s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"Mrs. Paddick," by Margaret Wyndham (Chapman & Hall, 7s. 6d.); **"Sealskin Trousers,"** by Eric Linklater (Rupert Hart-Davis, 8s. 6d.); **"At Close of Eve,"** an anthology selected by Jeremy Scott (Jarrolds, 15s.); **"My Own Story,"** by E. W. Savi (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.); **"Wings on My Feet,"** by Sonja Henie (Hurst & Blackett, 12s. 6d.); **"Reporter in Petticoats,"** by Betty Ross (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.); **"Jam and Genius,"** by Angela Milne (Nicholas Vane, 7s. 6d.); **"Switzerland,"** The Traveller's Illustrated Guide (Faber & Faber, 18s.); **"The Scarlet Flower,"** Poems by Ian Bell (Hollis & Carter, 6s.); **"East Anglian Enchantment,"** an anthology compiled by Victor Allan (East Anglian Magazine Ltd., 8s. 6d.); **"The Unknown World of the Child,"** by Andre Arthus (Paul Elek, 9s. 6d.); **"What's Wrong with the Cooking,"** by Ambrose Heath (Restaurant Trade Journal, 5s.); **"Signature Tune,"** by Jack Payne (Stanley Paul, 16s.); **"Working Dogs of the World,"** by C. L. B. Hubbard (Sidgwick & Jackson, 16s.); **"Your Dreams and Your Horoscope,"** by Ned Ballantyne and Stella Coeli (P. M. Productions).

END

Meals Which Cook Themselves

(*Continued from page 46*)

cooked in this manner makes a good creamy pudding.

Here is a meat dish which is better for very long cooking.

MEAT AND TOMATO PUDDING

Line well-greased pudding basin with breadcrumbs. Place a layer of diced cooked meat at the bottom, then a layer of sliced tomatoes (bottled ones will do), covered with breadcrumbs. Fill basin with alternate layers A teaspoonful of mixed herbs sprinkled in improves the flavour. Make a top of bread, soaked in melted margarine. Tie up with a pudding cloth. Steam 2½ hours to three hours. Serve with tomato sauce poured over.

These can be followed by puddings which cook while you eat your meat if prepared ahead, such as stewed fruit warmed up, or fruit fritters, apple, orange or date.

END

Render It Tender

(*Continued from page 47*)

and white sauce to take off the richness of the joint.

Slow casserole cooking is advisable for rather coarse stewing meat or hard liver.

LIVER IN CASSEROLE (for 4 people)

Ingredients: About ½ lb. liver; 1 or 2 rashers of bacon; 4 oz. macaroni.

Wash liver and cut into thin slices. Cover with flour and season. Lay in casserole, cover with bacon, cut small. Cover with water and cook gently in medium oven, Regulo 4 or 350° F. until tender. Strain off gravy, thicken with flour and add a few drops gravy browning. Serve with boiled macaroni.

END

1.2.48

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